

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 730

Week Ending
MARCH 18, 1933

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Postage Anywhere
One Penny

Every Thursday 2d

THE NEW VOICE IN THE WORLD

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A DAY AMERICA WILL REMEMBER THE MAN WHO MAKES IT FAMOUS

Franklin Delano Roosevelt is
King at White House

THE SPEECH EUROPE HEARD

Whatever comes of his Presidency, Franklin Roosevelt will always be remembered in the history of America.

He is the last President to be installed on March 4, and no President since Lincoln has taken office in a graver hour for his country.

The American people, standing a year or two ago at a height of unparalleled prosperity, and with their cellars full of Europe's gold, have been suddenly plunged to the very edge of ruin. All the banks were suddenly closed and 120 million people found themselves living on credit.

An Unparalleled Crisis

It was in the midst of this unparalleled crisis that Franklin Delano Roosevelt walked on to the steps of the Capitol and spoke to one of the biggest crowds of people ever seen. They were moved almost beyond words by the very short speech he made to them, the shortest inaugural speech on record.

President Roosevelt, in these first presidential words to the nation (with all Europe listening, for we in England sat at our firesides and heard it all), prepared the American people for the great events which were casting their shadow before them. He declared that the crisis was so grave that he would consult with Parliament immediately, and if he found it necessary would not hesitate to take to himself the same powers as he would take if America were at war.

A Good Neighbour

He recognised how serious the situation was for all the world, and in world affairs he was determined that America should be a good neighbour; but the first thing he had to deal with was the home affairs of this stricken nation in the midst of a stricken world. The banking system must be reorganised; now that the money-changers had fled from their high seats in the temple of our civilisation the temple could be restored to the ancient truths. There must be an end of speculating with other people's money. There must be a sound currency with security for all.

All who listened felt that President Roosevelt, the new voice in the world, would allow nothing to stand in the way of restoring to America the normal life of a great nation. In these simple words he wound up his short speech:

In this dedication of a nation we humbly ask the blessing of God. May He protect each and every one of us. May He guide me in the days to come.

The Girl on the Farm



Cattle will soon be grazing in the meadows again, and this helper on a Gloucestershire farm will be saved many journeys to and from the hayrick.

A GALLANT CAPTAIN IN A STORMY SEA

The Board of Trade has officially awarded a piece of plate to Captain Giles Stedman, Master of the U.S. ship American Merchant, in recognition of his skill and bravery in rescuing the crew of the British steamer Exeter City in the North Atlantic.

The British ship was disabled by a sea so heavy that boats rose and fell 20 feet. The captain and several men were washed overboard and lost. The wireless operator was able to send out an S.O.S. and Captain Stedman came to the rescue and carried out a successful operation which saved the rest of the crew.

A line was fired over the British ship and when it was secured an unmanned lifeboat was sent across into which the survivors jumped. Captain Stedman first quieted the mountainous seas by pouring oil on the water.

It was a very excellent example of seamanship and judgment.

A CURATE'S JOURNEY THROUGH THE SNOW

In the recent snowstorms an isolation hospital which is three miles from Pateley Bridge was cut off from the world. It stands on a moor. All landmarks were hidden, and there were deep drifts.

The hospital telephoned for food and fuel, after being cut off for five days, but everyone said it was impossible to reach it.

Then the assistant curate of the parish, Rev T. Garnett Jones, volunteered to try. He started off on skis, dragging a sledge, but had to leave the sledge in a drift. Then he struggled on with a load of food on his shoulders.

He became lost in the snow and fog, but at last he heard a whistle blowing. It was a signal from the hospital. Guided by the sound he arrived, and only saw the building when he was 50 yards off.

On his return journey he was again lost in the wilderness of snow, but he did reach Pateley Bridge at last. His brave journey will not be forgotten.

A MARVELLOUS THING

NEWS FROM THE ZOO AQUARIUM

The Sponge Which Upsets
All Calculations

FITTING THEMSELVES TO THEIR ENVIRONMENT

The fish in the Zoo Aquarium will have to sit up and take notice, for a marvelous creature has appeared among them, a creature that hitherto had been unknown even to humans who had spent their lives in studying animal life.

It is a close relative of that lowly creature we have all been familiar with since the day of our birth—the sponge. It is not the tough and horny species that is usually seen in the bathroom, but is very fragile, its skeleton being composed of tiny spicules.

This sponge was revealed in a curious way. Mr Boulenger, the Director of the Zoo Aquarium, noticed that a sponge-like substance was growing in the filter-beds and, fearing that it would get into the pipes and prevent the life-giving water reaching his charges in the tanks, he called in Mr Burton, the sponge expert at South Kensington.

Remarkable Discoveries

Mr Burton has spent many exciting hours at the Zoo and has been telling the Fellows what he has found; and his discoveries have, indeed, been very remarkable. Indeed, they have gone so far as to upset the knowledge we thought we had of the habits of the sponges.

Hitherto it has been held that adult sponges live a sedentary life secured to the rocks or sand on the sea-bed; no scientist suspected that any species moved about.

Mr Burton, however, has found out that this Zoo species does change its resting-place, moving to where food is more abundant. Sponges live linked in colonies whose shapes are adapted to their environment. The Zoo sponges adapted the shape of their colony to circumstances, four forms being noticed—in rapid, in slow-moving, and in motionless water, and also in water into which a special diet of fish-juice had been dropped for purposes of experiment.

Waiting For a Name

Mr Burton tried the experiment of transferring young colonies from one environment to another, and they adapted their shape accordingly. He also sewed two bunched-up masses together with thread, but these bunched-up masses flattened out and assumed the form of a single colony.

This new species is now waiting for a name under which it will go down in natural history as one of those creatures which have thrown light on the mysterious laws of Life.

GERMANY'S DECISIVE HOUR

HITLER IN POWER

What Will He Do With His Great Victory?

DISARMAMENT URGENT

The third General Election in Germany in the last seven months returned to power the allied Government of Adolf Hitler and the Nationalists.

If they can continue to agree, Germany can remain under the shadow, at any rate, of a Parliamentary system; though the way in which the Socialist and Communist Parties were attacked in the weeks preceding the election was anathema to all who believe in freedom.

One of the most surprising things about the election was the colossal size of the poll, 90 out of every 100 electors recording their votes. This at least proves how alive the Germans are to the crisis by which their country is confronted. If he has done nothing else Herr Hitler has roused the whole nation either for or against him, and has rallied to his side thousands of the middle classes who had never before taken much interest in the government of their country. Yet, on the other hand, the working-classes have shown by the size of their poll that they still support the leaders who, after all, have borne the brunt of the difficulties under which Germany has laboured since the war.

An Appeal to Patriotism

Dr Bruening's party, too, voted in great strength. It was very dramatic, his eve-of-the-poll speech stating how his influence had confirmed Hindenburg as President only a few months before.

Hitler's chief appeal was to the patriotism of Germany and to the increasing revolt against the humiliating terms of the Peace Treaty. This Treaty, which quite rightly curbed militarism in Germany, quite wrongly laid on her back financial and economic conditions which no progressive and intelligent people could bear for an indefinite period. Its results have meant impoverishment for her workers and a lack of opportunities for the younger generation. Hitler has given these young people new hope. It now remains to be seen if their leader can carry out his promises.

What Hitler Must Do

Arbitrary government by armed police will not effect this, nor will attacks on the Jews; nor will the resurrection of Kaiserdom and Junkerdom. Adolf Hitler, now that he is responsible and not a mere political orator, must produce plans which the great majority of the people can subscribe to, even if for a time he decides to rule as a Dictator rather than a Constitutional leader.

The rest of Europe is faced with a new situation, and the way in which its statesmen face up to it will determine whether the nations are to continue living at peace or whether we all are to drift, or more probably to hurry, into another war. The necessity, for real disarmament, especially in the air, is once more made imperative by the German election, and the hour is fraught with grave peril.

THE OLDEST FRIEND

Most young people hate to be told, "I nursed you when you were a baby"; but it is music to older ears, for it makes them feel younger.

Very few men of 76 have heard the phrase addressed to them, and now one of these few, Mr Arthur Dashwood, will never hear it again.

He was born during the Siege of Lucknow in 1857, and a girl of 19 used to rock him to sleep in her arms. She was wounded, but survived, to live into the beginning of 1933's springtide. Her name was Mrs Margaret Quaid, and her funeral at Aldershot the other day was attended by her oldest friend, the baby of 1857.

THAT BRIGHT BOY

A Great Chance For Him

We have often thought lately of the bright boy who is growing up to be our Prime Minister.

Only the other day we published in the C.N. the sort of speech he will broadcast to the world.

Now we hear of a competition which may discover him, for it is designed for just such a boy or girl, while aunts and uncles, mothers and fathers, are to have a chance, too, in another section of this competition run by the Daily Sketch.

Scholarships are offered for answers to questions to be published day by day, questions not concerned with mere book learning, but with a general interest in the life of the world today, the sort of things the C.N. deals with every week.

There could be no better form of competition and no better type of award, for the scholarships to be given away are 5000 National Savings Certificates. Twenty-two of these Thrift Foundation Scholarships are to be won.

What better foundation to build on than the foundation of knowledge and thrift? It is a splendid idea, and we hope to see the names of many C.N. readers heading the lists, proving that their foundation-stone of knowledge has been well and truly laid.

The first general knowledge questions to be answered appear in the Daily Sketch for March 13.

THE OLD LADY AND TWO SONS

A Broadcast and a Memory

When an S.O.S. came over the ether a few days ago begging Mr William Webster to come to Brighton to see his blind mother, who was critically ill, every listener-in hoped the little drama would have a happy ending.

So often had Mrs Webster, an old lady of 75, asked for her son that the message was broadcast in the faint hope that he might answer the appeal. Although he had been last heard of in India two years ago and all trace of him had been lost, it was believed he must have returned to this country.

We are sorry to learn that this old lady passed on without a visit from her son, and the news is all the more poignant because of a little story of the war which shows how great was her love.

When another of her sons was wounded she insisted on going to see him in hospital, although she was an invalid herself and was under medical treatment for her eyes. She had been warned that if she went she was on no account to lift her bandages, as it might mean losing her eyesight. When she heard her son's voice her delight was so great that she could not resist the temptation of having one peep at his face again. She raised her bandages and looked. Lot's wife did not pay more dearly for her disobedience, for the old lady became blind.

A SAVER OF LIVES

The Army doctor who founded the Bearer Corps in which Gandhi served in South Africa, General Sir Thomas Gallwey, has died at 80.

He had a wonderful career, and during his long life must have saved thousands of lives.

There has hardly been a war since 1879 in which he did not serve, and his experiences must have been thrilling. All through the Afghan War of 1879 he was in charge of the Cholera Hospital at Peshawar; when cholera raged in Egypt in 1883 he was there to fight it; and he accompanied the heroic column which fought its way to Khartoum in the attempt to save Gordon.

In India he is known as the man who lowered the death-rate among our soldiers by one-third; and he is surely a hero as great as any who ever wielded a sword or levelled a rifle.

ECHO OF A GREAT STUPIDITY

Why Canterbury Lost a Gate

AND HOW SHE SAVED ONE

While workmen were making a drain for Canterbury's cattle market they came upon a tribute to the fifteenth century and a reproach to the nineteenth.

At first they thought it was solid rock, but it was the base of St George's Gate, made of granite faced with flints. The base was between 20 and 30 feet in diameter, and the foundations extended nearly ten feet below the ground-level. They knew how to build in the fifteenth century, when this gate was built for the walled city of Canterbury.

Because 200 farmers petitioned for the removal of the gate, saying it hindered the traffic, it was pulled down. That cost £3820 in money, and the sale of materials brought only £283.

In 1824 the West Gate was threatened in the same way, but the Mayor's casting vote saved one of the most precious and picturesque of Canterbury's possessions. A road was made round it. There is a road round most difficulties if we take enough trouble in looking for it.

A HOARD OF GOLD

There will be some pretty problems for antiquaries in the future if the antiquaries of today bury their treasures as an Italian has apparently done his, mixing ancient and modern gold in the same hiding-place.

When workmen were pulling down a house in Rome the other day they discovered a hoard of gold weighing 34 pounds, gold rings of the 19th century, gold-mounted medallions of the 18th century, and a strange assortment of coins of the Roman emperors.

The hoarder took the trouble of wrapping up some of the coins in a newspaper dated 1888, and on investigation it has been found that an antiquary named Martinetti lived in this house in that year.

What everybody is now asking is whether Martinetti was a miser or only absent-minded.

THE GREAT FIRE

The villagers of Waddesdon in Buckinghamshire will long remember a great fire there last month.

Day and night, for more than three weeks, the blaze lit up the neighbourhood, to be seen for miles round, while the wind carried with it a sickening scent of smouldering.

It was the funeral pyre of hundreds and hundreds of animals, slaughtered as the result of an outbreak of foot and mouth disease among Lord Rothschild's pedigree cattle.

The authorities, not satisfied with the wholesale butchery of the herd, decreed that all the animals on the estate, other than horses, must be destroyed; ducks and geese, hens, pigs, sheep, even pet dogs and cats. The shepherd could not hide his tears when they took his dog, for he had trained it as a puppy and he loved it.

THE WHITE STOAT OF WIMBORNE

Toward the end of last month a Wimborne resident saw something white moving among the short grass of a meadow.

It turned out to be a stoat, snow white with the exception of the tip of its tail, which was black like that of an ermine.

It was running to and fro, but making its way toward some dry grass about ten yards from the hedge; then a passing wagon frightened it, and it ran into the hedge and was not seen again.

In hill country where there is a great deal of snow stoats do grow white in winter, like mountain hares, but it is rare to see one so far south as Dorset.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

60 YEARS AGO IN U.S.A.

What Happened When the Banks Crashed Before

WORLD MUST HAVE A BETTER MONEY SYSTEM

American lack of confidence has gone from bad to worse. Even the great masses of people who went to see the new President installed could not get home, it is said, until a new money system had been temporarily set up.

Banks in America (about 20,000) are partly under Federal control and partly under State control. Both the Central Government and the State Governments have taken action by passing emergency legislation to save banking institutions.

No bank in the world can withstand a prolonged call for money. Only common sense can serve in such a situation, and when fear is rampant banks have to shut their doors or seek salvation in special legislation.

From Riches to Ruin

On several former occasions America has suffered in this way. To refer to one of the past financial crises, we may quote from Mr Burton Hendrick's Life of Andrew Carnegie, which shows the position in America in the terrible crash of sixty years ago:

One day America was joyous with riches, and then, without the slightest warning, came the crash, and the nation was a heap of financial ruins. Bank after bank put up its shutters, and despairing queues before their entrances became the commonest sights in American cities.

The stocks and bonds which had ascended to dizzy heights in the early months of 1873 now fell to depths which beggared millions. The New York Stock Exchange suspended operations for a week. Money passed out of circulation, those fortunate enough to possess a little feverishly hoarding it.

Since the rich could not collect the interest on their investments, they could not pay their bills, while the sufferings of the poor proved an unprecedented tax upon public and private philanthropy. The busiest citizens were sheriffs, levying on property, and auctioneers, sacrificing equities for any prices they would bring.

The year 1873 was soon after the Franco-Prussian War, when economic trouble was widespread.

What all these crises demonstrate is that the world has not yet devised a fool-proof money system. It is a long time since the C.N. called for a universal coinage, and it will have to come.

THINGS SAID

I wear ties which I weave myself.

Sir Francis Acland, M.P.

We may hope that some day life may be extended to 120 years.

Dr Bernard Hollander

I have lived in England for 100 years.

Sir William Horwood's mother

We have got to do all we can to get reduced tariffs.

Mr Baldwin

Can you guarantee it to be non-inflammable?

The Queen, looking at a toy

The movie-bred young imagine that they are doing something because they are moving. So is a man falling over a cliff.

Mr St John Ervine

If a man accuses the B.B.C. of deliberate bias I will not listen to him.

Sir John Reith

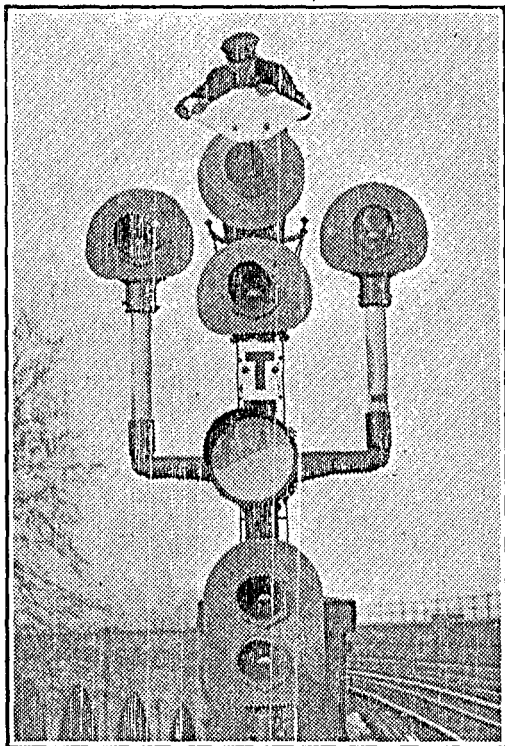
There is not, in my experience, one railway station where you can get a fresh-cut sandwich.

Mr Ivor Brown

If we are to have a new monarch, Bavaria will not submit to a Hollenzollern.

Bavarian premier

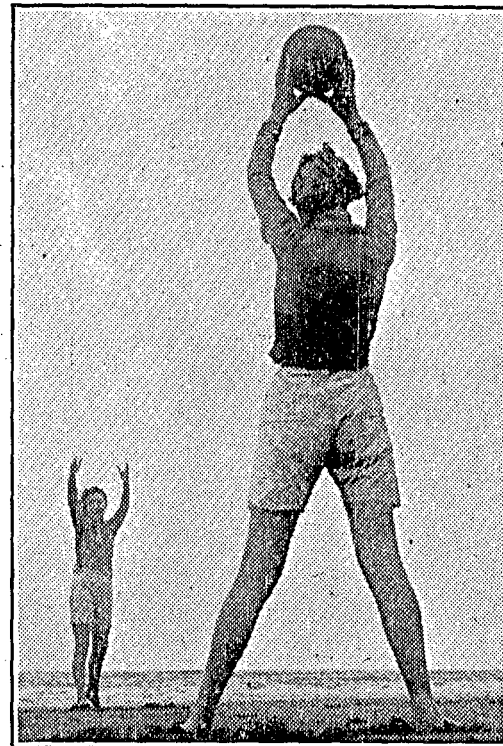
CURIOUS SIGNAL · A JAMBOREE IN MALTA · AN OSTRICH NEST



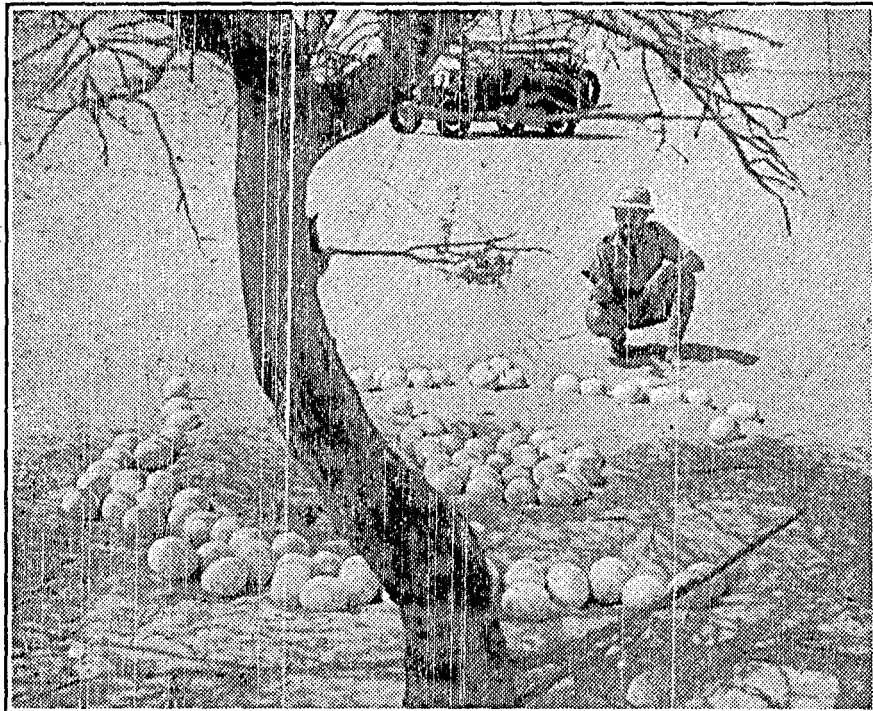
A Modern Signal—A curious new type of light signal has been installed on the L.M.S. between Euston and Watford. Railwaymen call it the Christmas Tree.



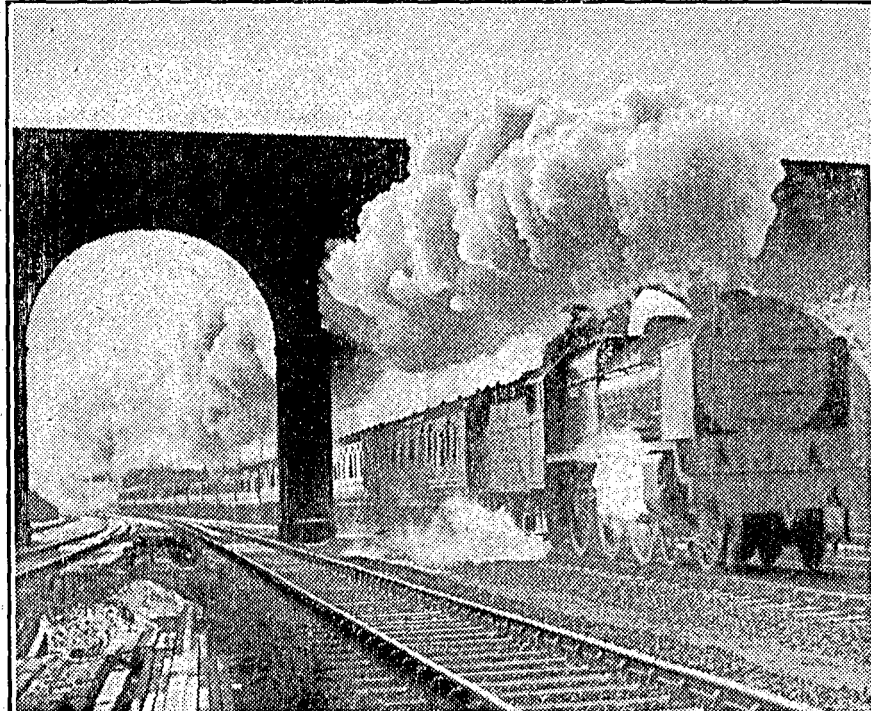
The Riding Lesson—Surely the most popular lesson of the day with the girls of a school near Fife must be riding instruction. Here two of the girls are enjoying a canter across the sands accompanied by the riding master.



On the Sands—This girl, exercising on Margate Beach, is not really as tall as she appears to be. The effect is due to the camera being held low down.



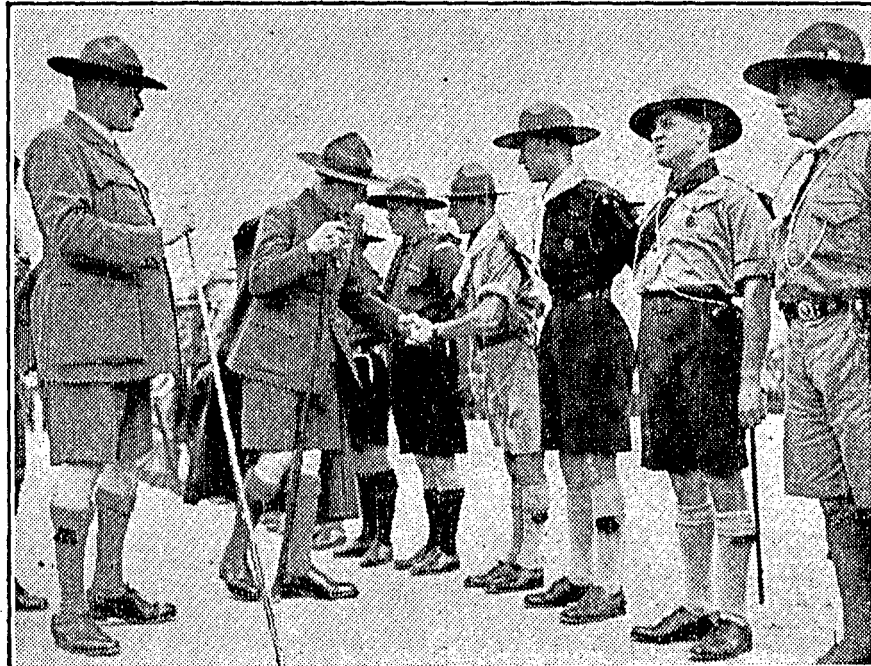
An Ostrich Nest—When members of the Bagnold Expedition to the Libyan Desert were near Wadi Hawa they found this nest of 94 ostrich eggs, an unusually large number.



Train For America—As mentioned on page 4, the famous Royal Scot express is going to America for the World's Fair Exhibition at Chicago. It will also visit several cities in Canada.



In Training—These keen-looking athletes are London waitresses who are practising the start of a race while training in Battersea Park for their sports.



The Chief Scout in Malta—Lord Baden-Powell is here seen greeting Scout leaders during his visit with the Chief Guide to a jamboree in Malta.

THE VANISHING DOG TOO MUCH HURRY IN THE LONG AGO?

The Pictures on the Lynch Pins
That Slowly Disappeared
ROMAN EMPIRE DISCOVERIES

It was the Cheshire Cat that vanished till nothing was left except a smile, but if he was the most famous of disappearing animals he was not the first.

The Society of Antiquaries have just been hearing about a Roman dog that did the same thing. Dr Mortimer Wheeler and Mrs Wheeler gave a joint account of the year's work at St Albans and Wheathampstead the other evening, and among the things they had to show their audience were several bronze lynch pins.

One of the lynch pins, which was found at Colchester by Mr Christopher Hawke, was decorated with jolly little heads of dogs. It was made in the first century. Other lynch pins made in the third century were decorated with hollows and edges in which the formation of the head could still be traced.

Did the Workmen Know?

The little dogs were no longer there, only a hint of them remained, like the smile of the Cheshire Cat left trembling in the air. Did the third-century workmen know about the little dogs at all? Probably not. They only knew that you always made these little patterns on a lynch pin, because—well, because the man who taught you had done it, and the man who taught him had done it too. It was a formal design, though it had once been a group of bright little watch dogs who looked ready to snap and snarl at a stranger.

No doubt some Roman who lived in the days when the change was happening, and could remember in his old age the little dogs that he had seen in his youth, would hold forth upon the carelessness of the craftsmen. "In this age of hurry," he would complain, "no one takes any trouble, no one has any pride in his work. Hurry, hurry, hurry—that is all they care about. It is the same with their beliefs. They do not stop to think for themselves. They accept some blurred, garbled version of a faith, and that is enough for them. Soon it will vanish altogether, as these little heads are vanishing, and men will be little better than the beasts of the fields."

Every generation is troubled by the speed of the next generation.

Out of One Well

Dr Wheeler had other things to show beside the vanishing dogs. There were 50 pieces of pottery brought out of one well, other pottery besides, and some scale designs of mosaics.

Dr Wheeler mentioned a curious thing about the mosaics. Although hundreds have been discovered in this country alone, the evolution of design has not been worked out, and we cannot date mosaics as we can pottery. But now we have mosaics to study on sites known to belong to the second and third centuries at St Albans and the fourth century at Lydney; and by studying them antiquaries should soon be able to date mosaics as easily as pottery.

A NEW USE FOR PRIZE MONEY

A friend of the C.N. who saw an account of the Children's Corner in St Mary's at Nelson tells us that the boys and girls of St Peter's Sunday School, Blackburn, who also have a Children's Corner in their church, have decided not to have any prizes in the senior school.

The prize money will be given instead toward the support of a cot in the Mission Hospital at Ummidpur, near Lucknow. The collection every fourth Sunday will be for missionary work, and most of it will go toward the cot.

HAVE YOU BEEN TO JERUSALEM?

A Question For Lord
Allenby
AND THE OLD COMRADE WHO
ENJOYED THE JOKE

If Mr Everyman thinks that Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby will for ever be remembered as the man who captured Jerusalem from the Turks, then Mr Everyman is wrong. He reckons without Mrs Everywoman.

The other week Lord Allenby was dining in London, and the lady next him opened conversation by asking brightly: "Have you ever been in Jerusalem?"

No doubt she was a very young lady, and had been taught very thoroughly all about the ancient Romans and the politics of Queen Anne's reign, but no contemporary history. We hope that no one overheard her and leaned across to say to Lord Allenby "Snubs to you."

The poor lady would have been miserable for weeks if she had known about her blunder.

A Roar of Laughter

Lord Allenby told this tale in Weymouth the other day. He was attending the annual regimental dinner of the Dorset Yeomanry, and there was a roar of laughter from the men who, had always suspected that London folk were a bit stupid. They don't make mistakes like that in Dorset.

There was a very distinguished diner who enjoyed the joke as much as anyone. He was Jaafar Pasha, Irak Minister in London. The Dorsets wanted to make him their guest, but he refused, and insisted on buying his ticket, saying that for this night he was not the Irak Minister, but an Old Comrade.

It was the Dorset Yeomanry who captured him in 1916, when he was leading a Senussi tribe against the Allies.

His captors won him over, he became the friend of this country, and afterwards led an Arab legion against the Turks. Now he is Irak Minister, but he was ready to go all the way to Weymouth for the sake of dining with his former foes, as an Old Comrade.

A TRAIN'S TRIP TO AMERICA

A complete English train, the Royal Scot, is going to America, to show the progress that has been made in British passenger train construction.

The train will have eight coaches, including an electric kitchen car, first and third-class sleeping-cars, and a lounge car. It is to be exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair which opens in June; but before and after the Exhibition the train is to visit the chief cities and towns of Canada and the United States, where prominent citizens will be invited to inspect it.

This famous L.M.S. express is the first complete English train to visit America.

Picture on page 3

THE CANARY

One afternoon not long ago fire broke out in a six-storey building in the rue de Richelieu in Paris, and on the arrival of the fire brigade it was noticed that smoke was pouring out of one of the top windows, where it was discerned there was a caged canary.

Quickly a long ladder was placed in position, and a fireman was seen to ascend till he reached a cornice near the imprisoned canary, and at great risk to his own life make his way along to the rescue. In this he was successful, and to the delight of the crowd of people below he was seen to retrace his steps and carry the frightened bird to safety.

Since Imperial Airways came into existence in 1924 its planes have flown ten million miles, and there have been only five accidents to passengers.

SHAKESPEARE'S UNCLE HENRY

Hard Times in Those Days
THE NEIGHBOUR WHO BROKE
INTO HIS HOUSE

When Lord Hanworth, Master of the Rolls, opened a room where manorial records will be stored in Warwick he told his audience some extremely interesting things.

He said that at the Record Office was a sequence of patent rolls extending from King John's reign to our own, and that any roll in the sequence could be produced in three or four minutes. The patent rolls record acts done by proclamation and letters patent.

Then he spoke of manorial records, and told how among them someone had lately come upon the tale of one named Henry Shakespeare.

It was a sad tale. Uncle Henry seems to have been a poor relation of the poet, and almost a family skeleton.

Before the Court of Requests it was stated in 1599 that Henry Shakespeare had been under arrest for debt. He owed John Blyth £6 13s 4d for two oxen. Then he fell very ill, perhaps with worry and the fear of prison again. Somehow the money was scraped together, but before he could pay it poor Uncle Henry died.

A High-Handed Deed

Thereupon a neighbour, who said the dead man owed him money, burst into the house of mourning, ransacked everything, carried off various things, and carted away the corn and hay in the stables.

John Blyth felt robbed. At any rate the deed was high-handed and unkind.

When the case came on Shakespeare was at work on Henry the Fifth. We wonder what he thought of it all; we wonder if he sent that £6 to the dying uncle. He had already bought a comely house with an acre of land in Stratford-on-Avon, in preparation for the day when he should live a country gentleman's life, and in 1602 he was to add 107 acres to the estate. He was prospering, and he could have helped Uncle Henry, if Uncle Henry deserved it.

Perhaps Shakespeare did, even if Uncle Henry had been undeserving. The quality of mercy is not strained.

THE COUNTRY GALLERY OF HORRORS

The art of producing beautiful cities seems to have been lost.

It is only necessary to drive from Charing Cross to Chelmsford to realise the ghastly failure of the commercial architecture of the past 20 years—no planning, no coordination of design, a complicated mass of ill-assorted shop fronts surrounded by acres of self-satisfied villas and slums. At the present rate it will only be a matter of a few years until the whole countryside from London to Brighton will become a series of suburban horrors.

Mr W. D. H. McCullough

ONE WHO LOVED HIS FELLOW-MEN

Everyone interested in education in Middlesex loved Sir Benjamin Gott, who has passed away at 67.

He has been well described as one who unselfishly consecrated himself on the altar of Public Service, and the magnificent Secondary Schools of his county are a memorial to his energy and foresight. His annual reports were models of their kind, and he was always at the service of any headmaster for the discussion of any difficult problem.

During the war Sir Benjamin was secretary for the V.A.D. organisation which carried every wounded soldier to and from a Middlesex hospital.

TWO STONES IN THE SAND

How a Famous Quarry
Was Found

MORE NEWS FROM DOWN
THE AGES

Another exciting discovery has been made in Egypt, and this time it is not a tomb or a palace, but a quarry which was worked 35 centuries ago.

Last summer Sir Charlton Spinks, Inspector-General of the Egyptian Army, was crossing the desert with a patrol, about 40 miles north-west of Abu Simbel, when his keen eyes noticed two inscribed stones.

He took them back to the Keeper of the Cairo Museum, who deciphered them and found that one bore the name of a Fourth Dynasty king, while the other proclaimed that Amenemhet the Second, of the Twelfth Dynasty, had sent men into the desert for dark granite.

Not till February was Mr Engelbach, the Keeper of the Museum, able to visit the place where Sir Charlton Spinks found the stones.

Used For Royal Statues

There he found great outcrops of the hard, beautiful black or dark green stone named diorite which was used for royal statues. There is a splendid specimen in the Cairo Museum: it shows Chephren (or Khafre), who built the Second Pyramid.

Amethystine quartz, so greatly prized by the Egyptians, has also been discovered there and the speckled type of diorite used for bowls and vases.

There was clear evidence that the quarries were used as places where votive offerings were left to appease gods or goddesses.

It is strange to think of the noise and bustle which once made the air ring round these quarries, and of the centuries of silence that followed, day after day resembling each other like grains of the desert sand. Here slaves sweated and winced at the overseer's lash. Here was found the stone an artist needed for his masterpiece. Here was hewn the stuff to glorify princes.

But for a happy chance the quarries might have remained unknown for another thousand years or so.

TRAM OR BUS?

Vehicle With the Good Points
of Both

The lumbering tram on its fixed track in the middle of the road is being replaced in many parts of the country by the trolley bus.

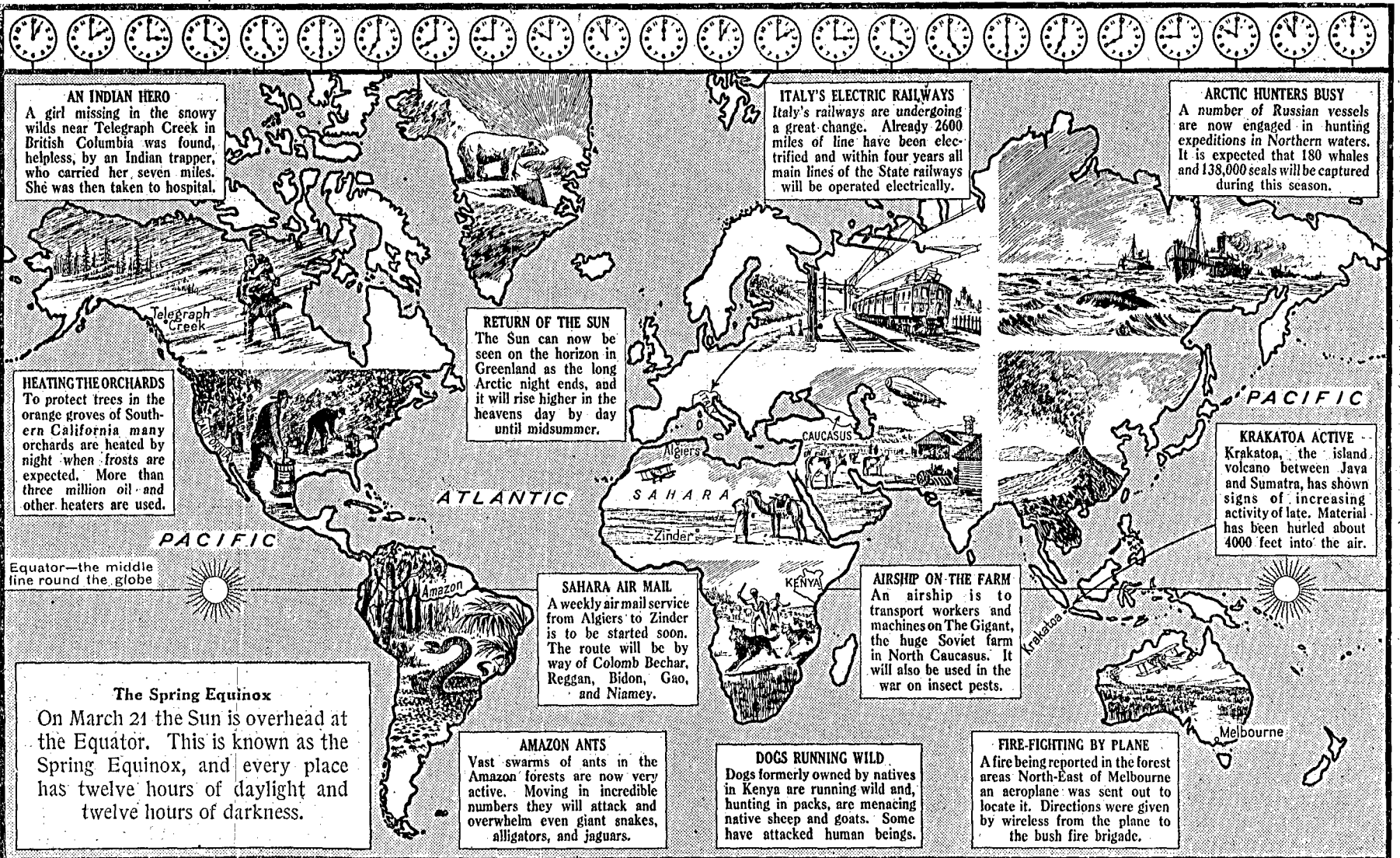
Greater mobility and smoother running are two advantages of the trolley bus, which takes its electricity from the overhead cable and is not confined to tramlines. One disadvantage so far has been the smaller passenger capacity of the trolley bus.

A big new vehicle with seats for 74 passengers and standing room for several more is now undergoing a six-months test. The new trolley bus is a six-wheeler, and its 80 horse-power motor is at the back of the vehicle. Passengers are able to board the bus straight from the pavement, using a central entrance and thus saving much time in loading.

The sliding doors are operated pneumatically and are controlled by the driver, and there is an emergency exit on both decks. The new bus, the joint product of the Associated Equipment and English Electric companies, is 30 feet long and weighs 13 tons when fully laden, yet it is capable of 30 miles an hour on level ground.

If it proves a success it will have an all-round advantage over the tram, and in towns which have tramway systems should do much toward improving traffic conditions.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THREE MINERS SEE THE KING

The Hero Who Was Not There

Three miners from Tonypandy called at Buckingham Palace the other day to see the King.

At deliberate risk to their lives they went to the rescue of a man overcome by fumes after an explosion in Llwynypia Colliery, and the King invested them with the Edward Medal in recognition of their gallantry. The heroes' names are Mr Bowen, Mr Cordy, and Mr Hughes.

It chanced that the Carnegie Hero Fund Trustees met on the same day at Dunfermline, and came to the wise conclusion that heroes must live, and that money awards should be made to the three rescuers.

A proud and happy day it was for the three brave miners from Tonypandy, but a proud and sorrowful day it was for Colonel Henry Watkins.

He attended the investiture at Buckingham Palace to receive the Polar medal awarded to his son.

Mr Henry George Watkins was the leader of the British Arctic Air Route Expedition, and he vanished last year. His companions found only his canoe, and could only conclude that in spite of his skill in handling such craft he must have been drowned in the icy waters of that Polar region.

The young explorer was a wise leader as well as a brave man; full well did he earn the medal that his father received from the King. We think that his father must sometimes have dreamed of such an honour being awarded to his famous son, but he must always have thought that he would go with his son to the Palace, and not go alone instead of him.

Gipsy Smith, the evangelist, is to cross the Atlantic in July for the 61st time.

A C.N. reader writes from Ambleside that a nurse who died last year was with her family 47 years.

WOMEN OF THE EAST Coming Together

The women of the Orient have been meeting in Conference for the same purposes as do the women of the West, to request equal pay for equal work.

The meeting took place at Teheran, capital of Persia. To it came women from Egypt, India, Japan, and Syria, this being the second session of the Congress of Oriental Women. Its aim is to raise the social and cultural standards of women in the East and to bring about marriage reform. It seeks in every possible way to lift women and their work to a higher level to be recognised by all, and a resolution was passed that salaries of men and women in schools, offices, and factories should be equal.

It is a brave move that the women of the East are making, and in their efforts lies the hope that many of the customs under which they have for so long been held in bondage may be abolished.

C.N. LIFELIKE PICTURES

Again this week two pages of Lifelike Pictures are given with every copy of the C.N., making 18 pages for the self-binder album which was given with the C.N. for February 4. The collection is not yet complete, however, for more pages will appear with next week's issue. The Magic Spectacles given with the album make all these pictures stand out with wonderful stereoscopic effect.

Please make sure of your copy of next week's C.N. by ordering it now.

OUR NEW SERIAL

Those of our readers who remember Mr T. C. Bridges's popular story Martin Crusoe will be interested to hear that he has written another thrilling flying story for the C.N.

It begins next week, and tells of a boy's exciting race in the air on the track of a thief.

THE DOCTOR WHO SERVED THE POOR

Another Brave Man Goes

We have been reading a deeply interesting account of the life and death of Dr Montgomery Travers Smith, who was the resident medical officer of Kilburn Dispensary.

For fifty years he had helped and comforted and doctored the poor of Kilburn. He lived in the poorest way in one small room over the dispensary, a room "bare as a monk's cell." He lived for his work and spent little or nothing on himself, which enabled him to exist on a very small income. His one relaxation and luxury was his piano, on which he would often play when not at work, thus gaining solace for a mind constantly harassed by the woes of others.

After serving thousands and finding life itself in that service, he died at the piano he loved after a hard day's work. It was a death well described as "sudden and ideal."

TO SAVE A BOY

Mr H. V. Oaten has been commended to the Royal Humane Society by the London County Council, and we commend him to all our readers.

He is a motor-driver employed by the L.C.C. Southern Hospital. Not long ago he discovered that a boy patient at Darenth Training Colony had escaped and thrown himself into a tank of tar and water.

The boy was exhausted and sinking. Mr Oaten jumped in and supported him. Of course he could not get out once he was in the tank, but he decided to risk being found before his strength gave out.

Luckily he was discovered in time, and he and the boy were hauled out of the tank to safety.

AN ALSATIAN DIES FOR HIS CUBS

Heroic Fight With a Leopard

Dogs have many of the finest attributes of human beings. Constancy is one, Courage is another; and here is an example of it.

At Buta in the Belgian Congo a few weeks ago two fine Alsatians belonging to a missionary had a litter of puppies. The little party was housed in a small room adjoining the missionary's bedroom, and to prevent accidents the mother and father dog were muzzled.

One night, when the Moon was on the wane, a leopard scented the tender pups. Unfortunately the door was ajar, and he was able to push it open and creep inside. But he reckoned without the watchfulness of the father Alsatian, who sprang to the protection of his mate and family. Bravely and with a ferocity which matched that of his foe he fought the sharp-clawed, keen-toothed, supple leopard, and at first held his own well, although he was handicapped by being muzzled.

The noise of the struggle awakened the missionary, who clambered over furniture and across window-sills to avoid being mauled by the writhing animals on the floor, and reached for his shotgun, which hung on the wall. Balancing himself on a window-sill he aimed, but waited to make sure of hitting only the leopard. He fired a moment too late, for though the bullet reached the leopard's heart he was not in time to prevent the huge animal from giving the dog a mortal wound.

After lingering for two days the brave creature passed on, a hero indeed, for he had given his life to save others.

Nearly a million gallons of tar were used on Kent roads last year.

Eva Peartree and Paul Appletree have been married in Berlin.

A readable letter has been found in a codfish at Scheveningen.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 18 1933

Fear

THIS mad world has seen one more great act of madness in the panic that has seized the American people, and it is right that we should all understand what is happening.

The one thing the whole world has to fear is Fear.

It is rather important that we should all understand that *no bank in any country can repay on demand all the claims that can be legally made upon it.*

Modern banking has created a Credit System, the working of which depends on the utter confidence of the public. Whether a country is on the gold standard or not, money cannot be found to meet all the promises that exist to pay money.

In all human affairs Fear dispossesses Reason at times, and when this happens man comes to disaster.

In our own country the London Clearing Banks have current and deposit accounts at this moment amounting to nearly 2000 million pounds. It would be impossible for the banks to pay out these deposits if they were called on to do so, and if the British public were unhappily to become a prey to the fear which has seized upon the minds of the American people the Government would have to defend the banks.

Another striking instance of the effects of Fear was furnished when, in 1931, Continental money deposited in London was rapidly withdrawn in stupid panic. The British Government had to defend the Bank of England by prompt action, and that is why we went off the gold standard.

No human institution, indeed, can withstand the effects of panic Fear. How, then, are we to get rid of it? How is mankind to defend itself against its own worst quality? How true it is that man is his own enemy!

This we may say with great confidence—that it is high time the nations put their heads together and devised a monetary system which is proof against Fear. It ought to be possible to do so, for the elements of the case are plain. Here is a world which in 1933 is essentially not poorer than in 1929 or 1914 or 1900. It is the same world, with the same natural wealth, but growing progressively more skilful and inventive. Why should we not build on that sound basis a system of exchanges adequate to meet the needs of all mankind?

It is very clear that the present money system too largely lends itself to the operation of Fear. Even astute business men do not understand the money system they now use. It is for science to come to their aid and to create a truly scientific system of exchange such as we have not yet in any country.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A New Whitehall?

WE hope it is true that the Government is to rebuild Whitehall.

It is stated that plans have been mooted to re-house various Ministries of the Government which at present occupy a number of buildings some of which are very old and ill-fitted for their purpose.

The point of the case is that building is now cheap, and that if this big job were put in hand it would actually save the Government money because of the consequent economy, to say nothing of getting work better done.

Who knows? If the National Government found itself moved to make this happy experiment in building at headquarters, it might go on to consider that not Government offices alone need to be rebuilt. A very large part of the national fabric needs renewal, and no world crisis need prevent us from working in our own house, with our own materials, and with our own labour. Never was a plainer moral; the pity is that the Government is so slow in seeing it.

The Great Man and the Little Hare

It is 400 years since Montaigne was born, yet how modern he is!

He acknowledged that there was pleasure in the excitement of hunting, but he said "I cannot well endure a simple dew-bedabbled hare to groan when she is seized by the hounds."

It is very near to Ralph Hodgson's belief that *twould ring the bells of Heaven the wildest peal for years if the parson and his people*

*Knelt down with angry prayers
For tamed and shabby tigers,
And dancing dogs and bears,
And wretched, blind pit ponies,
And little hunted hares.*

Interpreter For the Tower of Babel

WHILE we struggle with our French, our German, or our Latin, word comes from Berlin of a man who speaks 140 languages.

Dr Tassilo Schultheiss knows so many tongues that they have to be classified by their continents. Sixty of his languages and dialects are European, 53 Asiatic or African, 15 Caucasian, six from the South Sea Islands, and four from America.

Learning a new language has never been difficult for him, but of late years he must have had trouble in finding opportunity to practise them all.

Violet and Daffodil

I would I were where daffies blow
Spring's bugles in their golden ranks.
Would I could see sweet violets grow,
Scented and shy, on mossy banks.

My heart would be in heaven could I
But stand upon some far-off hill,
Watching the violet of the sky
Change into golden daffodil!

Estelle Boughton

Dr Johnson To Fleet Street

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL has been reminding us of a good old saying of Dr Johnson:

Depend upon it, it concentrates a man's mind wonderfully when he knows he is going to be hanged at eight o'clock in the morning.

May we commend these few words to one or two newspapers which spend so much time in making it hard to get war out of the world? It will concentrate their minds wonderfully if they will pause to consider the sort of world they are living in.

The Night and the Morning

What of the Night? From chime to chime

It storms and thunders past.

What of the Morning? Give it time,
And it may break at last.

Sir William Watson in The Times

Tip-Cat

SCHOOLBOYS dream of playing cricket at Lord's. They have good grounds for their hopes.

A CARPET manufacturer has built up a huge fortune. Made his pile.

A MAN is trying to prove that if he never wears a hat he will never catch a cold. Will he pull it off?

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If judges find life full of trials

DATES make excellent puddings. You can't keep them.

WE should say what we like, declares a doctor. In the hope that we will get it.

ARAB children, declares a traveller, think all British people are Scottish.

But they still ask them for pennies.

A HAND blotter is a useful present, we are told. We prefer to wash ours.

BREAKING-UP day usually falls in the middle of the week, says a schoolmaster. That is what breaks it up.

PLAY pens for babies are popular. Pencils would be safer.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE Oxford Union, at the biggest meeting in its history, has by an overwhelming majority declared that it will not fight in another war.

SHEFFIELD has received a gift of 450 acres of moorland from Alderman Graves.

AN unemployed miner was lowered 240 feet down an abandoned pit shaft to save a dog at Pensnett near Dudley.

JUST AN IDEA

Discords have no more power than we give them.

The Morning Ride

By Our Town Girl

GEORGE was a horse that was devoted heart and soul to his groom.

George's job in life was to draw a carriage belonging to an old lady, and so the groom was the only person who gave him any real exercise. And George needed a good deal of this or his spirits would get the better of him.

As a matter of fact George got up in the morning one day feeling extra full of the spring, and when he took his rider down to the seaside for his early morning canter he reared up on his hind legs and precipitated his best friend on some hard pebbles, where he lay stunned and unconscious.

Here was a predicament! George could see that the human he had been carrying was quite incapable of movement. He sniffed at him and told him to get up, for the tide was coming in; but his remark was received in a silence as stony as the pebbles on which the man lay.

So George went home. He galloped through the town to his stables, and stood there whinnying and rubbing his nose against the stable boy, as much as to say: Can't you see I'm trying to tell you something? Then he turned and trotted to the gate.

The stable boy followed him, not only to the gate, but through it and down the road, on and on. And soon George was bumping his warm, soft nose against the waistcoat of the prostrate groom, and the stable boy was pulling him to safety from the incoming tide.

The Prayer at the Launching of a Ship

O Thou that sittest above the water floods, and stillest the raging of the sea, accept, we beseech Thee, the supplications of Thy servants, for all who in this ship, now and hereafter, shall commit their lives unto the perils of the deep.

In all their ways enable them, truly and godly to serve Thee, and by their Christian lives to set forth Thy glory throughout the Earth. Watch over them in their going forth and in their coming in, that no evil befall them, nor mischief come nigh to hurt their souls.

And so through the waves of this troublesome world, and through all the changes and chances of this mortal life, bring them of Thy mercy to the sure Haven of Thine everlasting Kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. From the service for ship launching in the Navy

I Would Not Have a Slave

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.

William Cowper

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday. Henry Carey

THE NEW VOICE IN THE WORLD

A MAN WHO WILL DO SOMETHING

Mr Roosevelt Takes Up Power in America's Darkest Hour

THE GRAVE CRISIS OF 120 MILLION PEOPLE

We describe elsewhere the inauguration of Mr Roosevelt as President of the United States. We give here the chief points of the new President's first words to the American people.

This is pre-eminently the time to speak the truth, the whole truth, frankly and boldly. Nor need we shrink from honestly facing conditions in our country. This great nation will endure, as it has endured, and it will revive and will prosper. So first of all let me assert my firm belief that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself.

Withered Leaves of Enterprise

Values have sunk to fantastic levels; our factories are without orders; taxes have risen; our ability to pay has fallen. Government of all kinds is faced by serious curtailment of income; the means of exchange are frozen; the withered leaves of our industrial enterprise lie on every side. Farmers find no markets for their produce, and the savings of many years in thousands of families are gone. More important, a host of unemployed citizens face the grim problem of existence; an equally great number toil with little return.

Only a foolish optimist can deny the dark realities of the moment. We are stricken by no plague of locusts compared with the perils which our forefathers conquered because they believed and were not afraid. Nature still affords her bounty, but the generous use of it languishes in the sight of supply.

This is primarily because the rulers of the exchange of mankind's goods have failed through their own stubbornness and their own incompetence, have admitted their failure, and have abdicated.

Indicted by Public Opinion

The practices of unscrupulous money-changers stand indicted in the court of public opinion, rejected by the hearts and the minds of men. They only know the rules of a generation of self-seekers. They have no vision, and where there is no vision the people perish.

The money-changers having fled from their high seats in the temple of our civilisation, we may now restore that temple to the ancient truths. The measure of the restoration lies in the extent to which we apply social values more noble than mere monetary profit. Happiness lies not in the mere possession of money; it lies in the joy of achievement, the thrill of creative effort. The dark days will be worth all they cost if they teach us that our true destiny is not to be ministered unto, but to minister to ourselves and our fellow men.

The Primary Task

Our primary task is to put the people to work, no unsolvable problem if we face it wisely and courageously.

Finally, we require two safeguards against a return of the evils of the old order. There must be strict supervision of all banking and credit investments. There must be end to speculation with other people's money.

There must be provision for an adequate but sound currency.

Our international trade relations, though vastly important, are, in point of time and necessity, secondary to the establishment of sound national economy. I favour a practical policy the putting of first things first. I shall spare no effort to restore world trade by international economic adjustment, but the emergency at home cannot wait.

In the field of world policy I would dedicate the nation to the policy of the good

MRS VALIANT GOES OVER

ONE more valiant old lady has met her death in the streets of London. She was Mrs Emily Stack of Bermondsey, and although she was 81 she went out charing twice a week in the City. One day she slipped as she tried to avoid a car, and she died as a result of her injuries.

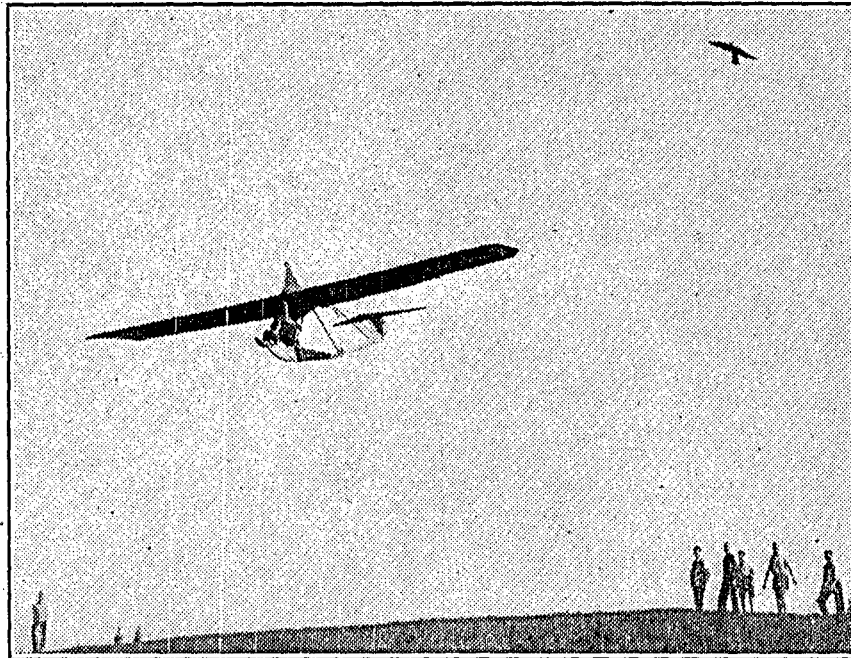
Then her daughters discovered that she had been working as a charwoman. They had no idea that she needed money, and would never have allowed her to do such heavy work. But Mrs Stack was far too brave and proud to tell them her secret. She knew, we may be sure, that her daughters had enough

difficulty in making money go round in these hard times, and, although she knew the sacrifice would have been gladly borne, she would not let anyone make a sacrifice for her.

Besides, it gave her a delightful feeling of independence and youth to be a wage-earner; and so the brave old lady stuck to her job, and went down with her flag flying. Fortunate shall we all be if we can face old age with her gallant spirit.

It is a long time since Mr Valiant passed over in *The Pilgrim's Progress*; now Mrs Valiant has gone, and we can almost hear the trumpets sounding on the other side.

GLIDING LESSONS FROM THE BIRDS



Pupils watching the movements of a glider and a falcon in flight



Studying the structure of an eagle's wing

At a gliding school in East Prussia trained eagles and falcons are used to enable students to study some of the principles of flight. Much useful information is thus gained of the method of taking advantage of light wind currents in making sustained flights.

Continued from the previous column

neighbour, who resolutely respects himself and, because he does so, respects the rights of others; the neighbour who respects obligations and respects the sanctity of his agreements with his neighbours in the world.

If I read the temper of our people correctly we now realise as never before our inter-dependence on each other, that we cannot merely take, but must give as well; that if we are to go forward we must go as a trained and loyal army willing to accept sacrifices for the sake of common discipline.

It is to be hoped that the normal balance of the Executive and Legislative authority may be adequate to meet the

task, but it may be that the unprecedented situation and the need for undelayed action may call for a temporary departure. I am prepared, under my Constitutional duty, to recommend measures that a stricken nation in the midst of a stricken world may require.

In the event that Congress shall fail to take one or other of these courses, and in the event of a critical national emergency, I shall not evade the clear course of duty. I shall ask Congress for the one remaining instrument to meet such a crisis—a broad executive power to wage war against the emergency as great as the power that would be given to me if we were in fact invaded by a foreign foe.

JOHN HARRISON'S CLOCK IS GOING AGAIN

TRIUMPH OF A YORKSHIRE CARPENTER

Solving a Puzzle Which Newton Declared To Be Unsolvable

NEW INTEREST AT GREENWICH

At Greenwich Observatory, the home of many clocks, a famous chronometer is working merrily again after a silence of 165 years. It is one of the most famous timepieces in the world.

Perhaps the most dramatic moment in its existence was on one June morning in 1737 when "Land ahoy!" was shouted by the look-out man on H.M.S. Orford, ploughing her way home from Lisbon. Master Roger Wills, navigator of the ship, and John Harrison, a Yorkshire carpenter of 44, hurried to the deck to see the cliffs of the Motherland.

"That is Start Point," declared the navigator, confident in his reckonings. "I fear you are mistaken," said John Harrison, "it is the Lizard!"

A Great Argument

A great argument arose, the officers supporting the master, the carpenter insisting that he was right because he was confident that a precious clock he had spent seven years in making had not failed him.

In a few minutes it was apparent to all on board that it was the Lizard.

It was a triumphant homecoming for John Harrison, for he had won the prize offered by the Government for an accurate timepiece which would solve the Problem of the Longitude, a problem Sir Isaac Newton himself had declared unsolvable!

It was in 1728 that John Harrison set out from Barrow to London with the plans of this clock. Born at Foulby 35 years earlier, he was the son of a poor carpenter and received but little education; but as a child he loved to see the wheels go round and loved to take clocks to pieces.

A Wonderful Device

In 1715 he made an eight-day clock with wooden wheels, and ten years later he invented the wonderful compensating device which prevents our clocks from being upset by heat or cold. He also invented the device which keeps a clock going at its usual rate while being wound up.

In London George Graham, the chief clock-maker of the day, advised John to make his clock before entering for the £20,000 prize offered in the Act of 1713, and lent him £200. The voyage to Lisbon was to test this clock, and the correction of a degree and a half amazed the authorities, yet they quibbled about paying for it, and not until 1773, when he had made three more successful timepieces, did Harrison receive his pay.

For 30 years the clock told Harrison the time at his home in Red Lion Square; then it was taken to Greenwich, where it went for six months until, neglected by all, it stopped. Here, in 1920, Commander Gould, an authority on the marine chronometer, found it and cleaned it; and it is owing to his devoted work on this national treasure that we can now see the hands of the seconds, the minutes, the hours, and the days moving round its four dials.

THE MOST PRECIOUS VIEW OF ST PAUL'S

The view of St Paul's which is most precious is that of its great dome and its attendant towers rising, as seen from the Embankment, over the arches of Waterloo Bridge.

No other capital of Europe has, I believe, anything "to show more fair." The dome of St Peter's at Rome and that of the Pantheon in Paris are never seen in the same majestic relation to bridge and river. Sir Herbert Baker

A NEW LEASE OF LIFE FOR THE TSETSE Traps Left To Rot in Zululand

In spite of being troubled with politics and goldmines the Government of South Africa would do well to have an eye on the flytraps in Zululand.

These traps are being allowed to rot, and the tsetse fly, Africa's deadly foe, has received a new lease of life when the fight against it had been almost won.

This fight was begun by the Provincial Administration, which spent £30,000 in thinning out the game and testing other methods in the Umfolosi Reserve. The experiments led to the use of the Harris trap, which was so successful that the settlers who had urged the destruction of the game agreed that the trap was the real remedy. Accordingly, 1200 traps were set and men were employed to look after them.

Then the Government took over the Reserve, receiving as a gift the traps. Instead of increasing the number the Government has neglected them so that today there are but 400, the rest having rotted away. Even those that remain are so bad that their catch is one or two a day instead of the 70 or 80 when they were installed.

The cost of maintenance works out at under £5 a week, and for this sum the authorities are not only throwing away the value of the money already spent, but are allowing the tsetse flies to breed and multiply so as to become once more a scourge in this fertile district.

ITALY GETTING THINGS DONE

Work For Idle Men

The scale on which modern Italian engineers deal with the peculiar difficulties of their mountainous country is again illustrated by the draining of the Lake of Arsa in Istria.

This lake in the past has made the whole valley of the Arsa swampy and malarious because, high up, and fed by mountain streams, it has overflowed at certain seasons of the year. Following the bold plan of an engineer named Di Drusco, a tunnel has been pierced through the mountain which cuts off the waters of Lake Arsa from their natural sea outlet.

First, 150 great dams had to be built to regulate the mountainous streams feeding the lake. When this was done a mountain tunnel was pierced, the work being both difficult and dangerous. After four years of unremitting labour the explosion of 24 mines removed the last intervening mass of rock. In ten days the lake was emptied.

This tremendous feat has resulted in the uncovering of 12 million square metres of land, which are now being reclaimed and turned into good agricultural soil. What were unhealthy swamps will become prosperous farms, and the scheme is, of course, finding work for many idle men.

THE WHITE STORK

A lady in South Africa sends us this story.

The white stork arrives in South Africa from Germany or Holland in October and stays till March or April.

Last year, about the time of their going, I noticed one with a broken leg. In a few days all the storks had gone except the one with the injured leg.

Very disconsolate it looked, all alone, hopping about the veld in search of food.

A few days afterwards I was interested to see a second stork with the invalid, and concluded it was the mate returned to keep her company.

Together the two birds roamed the veld for nearly three weeks; then, presumably when the invalid had recovered sufficiently to take the long journey North, they disappeared together.

A BRIGHT IDEA Work For Idle Weavers

Everywhere people are showing the Government how to do it; and we urge them to go on until the Government is ashamed of doing nothing.

After being unemployed for more than two years, with the prospects of work growing ever more hopeless, Mr and Mrs Sherlicker of Clayton-le-Moors took the matter into their own hands. They decided to venture out into a business of their own.

Fortunately they had not spent all their savings, and were able to buy 24 looms. By working on the two-shift system they manufactured several kinds of fancy materials such as sateens; and to deal with the orders they received they soon had to call in outside workers, to whom they paid a standing wage of 50s a week.

So successful was their experiment that a number of families of weavers who had been unemployed for long, discouraging years have now followed their example. They have bought looms which were standing idle and have set up for themselves.

A C.N. correspondent tells us that these people are doing better than most of the big firms. It is good to know, he writes, that there are still enterprising folk who dare to venture out on their own, especially when we are so often told that modern industry has killed the older spirit of honest enterprise.

THE HAPPY ISLANDS

Land For Everyone in Tonga

There is land for everyone in the group of islands in the Pacific Ocean known as the Friendly Islands, or Tonga.

These islands are looked after by the New Zealand Government, but the natives, who are fine athletic people, manage their own affairs very well. They have a queen as their ruler, Queen Saloti, and her husband is Prime Minister of Tonga.

Education is free and compulsory, and 99 per cent of the Tongans can read and write.

The Prime Minister of Tonga was educated at Newington College in Sydney, and he has been to Sydney to take his son to the same college.

Every youth in Tonga on reaching 16 receives from the State a quarter of an acre of land in his village and eight acres of land in the bush. He must build a hut and grow coconuts.

ROOM FOR THE CLEVER BOY

It was a cheerful thing that Lord Irwin had to say the other day after he had dined at the L.C.C.'s Westminster Technical Institute.

The dinner was cooked and served by boys who are pupils at the Institute, and it was an excellent one. But the most cheerful moment of the affair came when Lord Irwin was able to say that there was no difficulty in finding positions for English youths who had been trained in waiting and cooking.

We must not believe the pessimists who say that no boy has a chance nowadays. A bright boy trained for the right job has every chance; but there is no room for the untrained boy who wants to muddle through.

A PROUD SHIP PASSES

The White Star liner Baltic is now making the longest voyage of her career. It is also her last.

This fine old ship has been engaged in the Atlantic passenger traffic for 28 years, having created a record on her maiden voyage to New York in 1904 by carrying 2831 passengers. The Baltic is now on the way to Kobe in Japan, and the voyage of 11,000 miles will take seven weeks. It will end in the shipbreaker's yard.

THESE BUSMEN Good Fellows Everywhere

What should we do without our busmen and policemen and all those other cheerful people of our workaday life who are ready to help in an emergency? Only the other day we told how a bus driver jumped into the Thames and saved a drowning man. Now we know of another busman of the same type.

One evening not long ago a C.N. reader was much worried because her husband did not return from work. Two hours after his usual time of arrival there was a knock at the door. A policeman had come with a message. Her husband had been knocked off his bicycle and taken to Guy's Hospital, and she was needed there at once.

Snatching up her hat and coat our friend rushed out into the road, jumped on to a passing bus, and gasped: "How can I get to Guy's quickly?"

The conductor told her, and asked sympathetically if she had had bad news. While telling him about the accident she felt for her purse to pay the fare. She had forgotten it.

"That's all right!" said the conductor. "Don't you worry." Then, as she was getting off the bus, he slipped two half-crowns into her hand.

"Take this, lady (he said), you might want a taxi or something at the other end. . . . Oh, that's all right, it's my own money. Pay me next time you see me!"

Our story ends happily, for the accident had not been as bad as expected, and as for the bus conductor, he was soon repaid, and there is now another group of good friends in the world.

AFTER MANY DAYS True Story of an Umbrella

A friend of ours one day had a beautiful umbrella given to her.

Really such a smart umbrella it was that it looked too good to take out in the rain. It almost wanted another umbrella to protect it. It had gold mountings and a carved Chinese ivory handle; its cover was the thickest of silk, and its frame was made to withstand the wear and tear of many years of umbrella life.

She had her name and address put inside, and actually used it when it rained. A fortnight after it became hers she lost it, and no attempt at tracing it proved of the slightest use.

After much deep thinking she decided to break the sad news to the giver of it; and, instead of a scolding, she received, in a little while, another umbrella—an exact duplicate.

This second umbrella behaved much more faithfully than the first one, and clung to her for many years.

Then one day she received a letter from the Lost Property Office asking her to call for her umbrella, or to send expenses for its carriage.

Her umbrella? She didn't know that she had lost it. She went into the hall. She hadn't. There was her friend of seven years in the umbrella rack.

She was very puzzled; but she sent the money, and back came the original umbrella, with her name and address still inside! Evidently the thief who had taken it had lost it—but had never troubled to remove the owner's name.

THE PREYING OF BIRDS ON BUTTERFLIES

Will country readers of the C.N. when moving hither and thither this year watch for any attack on a butterfly by a bird?

Mr Collinette, of the Entomological Department of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington is making investigation and would be glad of any first-hand observations giving details of species, date, and locality.

ONCE UPON A TIME It Was Just the Other Day

By the Look-About Lady

Once upon a time there was a chauffeur who lost his place. The family moved. He had a wife and children, and nobody wanted a chauffeur.

Once upon a time there was a Branch of the British Legion formed in a southern village, and they knew this member of theirs had fought for his country.

There was, also, a motor-car for sale near by easily convertible into a van, and there was a big dealer in fish in the North who had a soft spot in his heart for the old soldier.

The Legion moved in the matter. The car became the chauffeur's on easy terms, and the train down from the North carried for him a consignment of delicious fish packed nicely in two and four-pound lots.

Once upon a time, at the same time, there were a whole number of households within a five-mile radius who never bought fish because it was so dear, and so hard to get, and now there is fresh haddock for Tommy's dinner. So the story has a really happy ending, and it only took place the other day, when everybody was saying there was no work left anywhere, and our politicians were still talking about what could be done.

FOUR DISEASES CUT IN TWO

But Whooping-Cough Still Dangerous

Among the chief enemies of child life, measles, scarlet fever, whooping-cough, and diphtheria rank high.

It is therefore comforting to learn that, whereas in the first ten years of the century these four diseases killed 297,036 people in England and Wales, the number of such deaths fell to 128,251 in the third ten years.

Whooping-cough, however, is still a great enemy of childhood, and now accounts for about one in five of the deaths under five years of age. It is well to know this, for probably many people do not realise that the disease can be very serious, and that when it occurs, or is suspected, not a moment should be lost in calling in the doctor.

THE ARMY FIGHTS STARVATION

In almost every one of our big towns you may see a sudden rush of children and adults, each carrying a jug or a basin, to a big motor-van with opening doors. Savoury odours come from it and comfortable warmth. It is the Salvation Army soup kitchen, come to feed the needy.

In a town like Bradford in Yorkshire nearly 2000 good meals are given each week. It is roughly estimated that the Army serves 500,000 such hot dinners every week to the poorest families in Britain; and poverty due to continued unemployment makes the service increasingly necessary month by month.

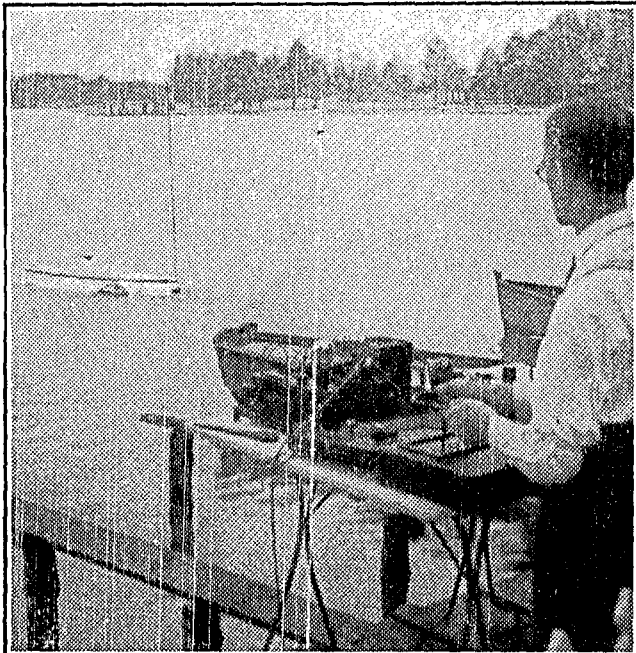
No wonder Self-Denial Week means so much to this hard-working organisation, for with all their sacrifices their money flows away like water down a hillside.

HUNGARY BUYS BRITISH

Hungary has been buying British railway material, and has found it so satisfactory that an order has been sent for more.

The Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Company has already equipped four substations and supplied electric locomotives for the Hungarian State Railways, and the excellence of the material has led to an order for 26 more motors and most of the control equipment for 26 locomotives. The order, worth £250,000, will keep many busy in Manchester and Sheffield.

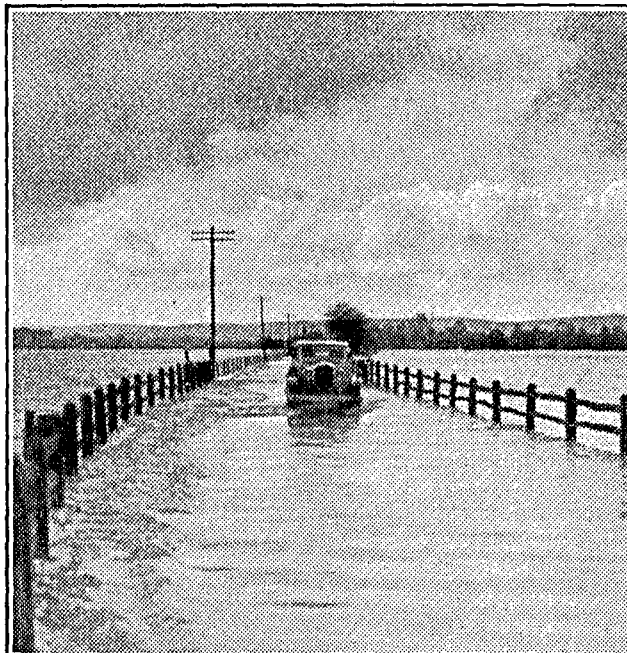
FLOODED COUNTRYSIDE · PROTECTING THE ORCHARDS · SNOW SPORTS



Controlled by Wireless—A young German experimenter is here seen demonstrating his wireless-controlled model boat. He constructed all the apparatus himself.



La Belle Strasbourgeoise—The Three French Reigne Exhibition at Sir Philip Sassoon's London house contains this notable portrait by Nicolas de Largillière.



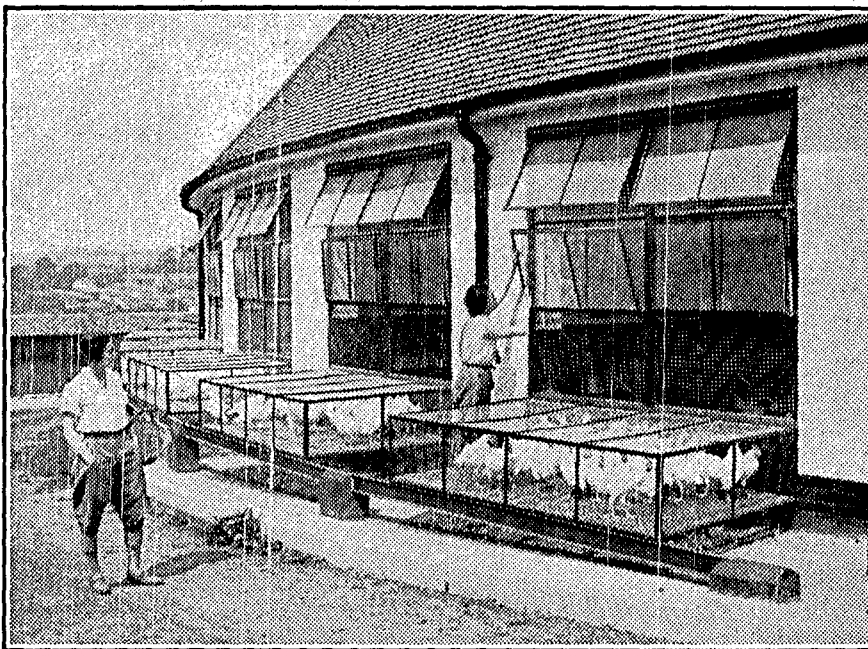
Sussex Floods—This picture of a car on a flooded road at Pulborough, Sussex, is typical of scenes in many parts of the country where widespread floods followed the heavy snowfall.



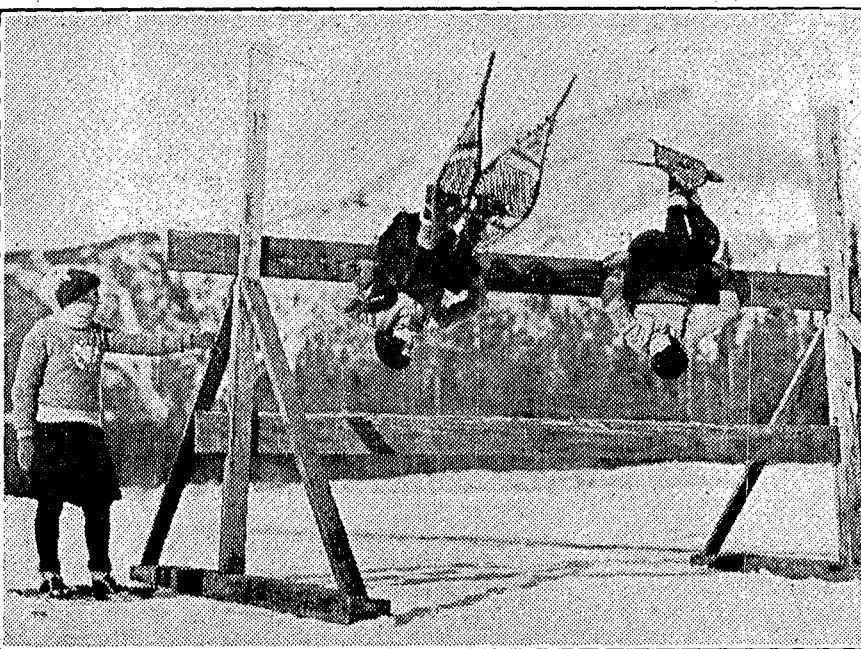
Protecting the Orchards—Women workers in the orchards near Dartford are busy spraying the apple trees with a solution which protects them from the attacks of blight.



In Sunny Florida—A row of girls running into the sea on a sunny beach in Florida provided a striking picture for the photographer, as we see here.



Sun Bath For Fowls—At the big Ovaltine egg farm in Hertfordshire 2000 chicks are now being hatched every week. As they grow older the chicks are transferred to a special building with 36 sun parlours, and on fine days they use the outdoor parlours seen here.



A Race on Snowshoes—At Banff, one of Canada's winter resorts in the Rocky Mountains, an obstacle race on snowshoes was held recently. One obstacle for the runners was a hurdle over which they had to climb. The picture gives an idea of what an awkward task it was.

DEAR GEORGE HERBERT

HIS OLD BUNDLE OF PAPERS

Saved From the Fire To Make An Immortality

THE SLEEPER IN BEMERTON CHURCH

Bemerton and Salisbury have begun tercentenary celebrations which will last all the summer.

It is 340 years since a fifth son was born to Sir Richard Herbert in Montgomery Castle. The boy was christened George. He was chiefly influenced by his mother, a woman of great sweetness and a friend of the poet John Donne.

When he grew up he spent his time between the scholars of Cambridge and the statesmen of James the First's Court. His friends were Sir Henry Wotton, John Donne, Izaak Walton, and Francis Bacon.

When he was 33 he took Holy Orders. He lived in beautiful friendship with the poor, and rebuilt the Church of Layton Ecclesia in Huntingdon. Four years later he was made rector of Bemerton. Twice a week he would walk into Salisbury to attend the services in its glorious cathedral; and afterwards he would join a band of music-lovers where his skill on lute and viol made him welcome as a king. Then he would trudge home under the stars to the bride whom he had wedded after three days' courtship.

To Cheer the Dejected

Just three years after that marriage, when he was only 40, George Herbert lay dying of consumption. Then he gave a bundle of poems to a friend, directing that they should be burned unless the friend thought them likely to cheer "any dejected poor soul." He had never published any poetry, but after his death this bundle of manuscript set him among the immortals. In it was the poem beginning:

When God at first made man,
Having a glasse of blessings standing by;
Let us (said He) poure on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
Then beautie flowed, then wisdom, honour,
pleasure:

When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottome lay.

If goodnesse leade him not, yet wearinesse
May tosse him to My breast.

It is 300 years since the poet died in the rectory where he wrote these lovely lines. They buried him under the altar of Bemerton Church. An American lover of poetry has promised to give a memorial window to Bemerton. An exhibition of Herbert relics has been opened in Salisbury Library. There is to be a pageant illustrating the life of his period. All the summer Salisbury and Bemerton will celebrate the lovable man who said, after helping a poor horse on the roadside, that the thought would prove "music to him at midnight."

THE BELLS OF JERUSALEM

An Englishwoman has given a successful carillon concert in Belgium, the land of carillons. That should make her countrywomen very proud of her.

Miss Nora Johnston is the first Englishwoman to win the diploma of the School of Bellringing at Malines, and soon her fame will spread to the East, for she has been chosen to play the carillon of the new Y.M.C.A. building in Jerusalem, which Lord Allenby is to open soon.

We are sure she will ring them so sweetly that the Arabs, like George Herbert, will

Think, when the bells do chime,
Tis angels music.

A VERY CURIOUS EXHIBITION

Waste Puts People Out of Work

From a Paris Correspondent

People were attracted to a very unusual show not long ago in Paris, and we hope it taught many of them a lesson. It was an Exhibition of Waste, arranged by the metal manufacturers of France.

At the entrance a series of posters set one thinking, for they asked such questions as: "Have you two consciences, a home one for saving and a factory one for wasting?"

On others were written: "There are not small economies; there is economy. A chief who lets himself be absorbed by details wastes his time. The taxes paid to the State are heavy; the contributions made to waste are overwhelming."

From Theory to Fact

One soon left the realm of theory to enter that of fact. In the hall were proofs, quickly realised by the visitor, of the appalling amount of waste going on in the world.

One large counter was spread with things of value which had been picked out of the wastepaper baskets of a single office in one week. Among them were an incredible number of pencil ends, pieces of indiarubber, blotting-paper, envelopes, and so on, each telling its own story to the visitor.

A typist had written one word on a sheet of paper. This had been reproduced by carbons on five copies, but then the girl had decided to write something else. She would not take the trouble to rub out the word six times, so she crumpled up all the sheets of white paper, and even the carbons, and threw them away.

Opportunities in a Workshop

Another counter showed waste in a workshop and hundreds of ways in which objects of all kinds might have been saved and put to good use. One of these was a tin plate covered with round holes; the pieces punched out had been used as bottoms for cans of preserved fruit. If the holes had been cut nearer together, instead of being scattered at random, this plate would have supplied about five more bottoms.

It was also shown how a piece of broken glass can often be made of use if cut into a smaller pane.

Many employers and workmen who visited the exhibition must have learned the lesson that much everyday waste can be remedied simply by the honesty of the workman. Most visitors were made to realise that waste leads to an increase of the cost price and the selling price, and so to a decrease of sales and more unemployment.

WHO WAS THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH?

Born Sudbury, Suffolk, 1727.
Died London, 1788.

In the estimation of Ruskin, Gainsborough was the greatest colourist since Rubens. The son of a wool manufacturer, he showed from the earliest age a gift for sketching, and when 14 was sent to London to study. Four years later he returned to his native place, married a lady with means, and set up a studio as a portrait painter—first at Ipswich, then at Bath.

There he remained for 14 years, painting many fine portraits. Removing to London, he became one of the founders of the Royal Academy, from which he withdrew four years before his death, annoyed at the position awarded to his picture, *The King's Daughters*.

His works numbered upward of 300, of which more than two-thirds were portraits. He was of impetuous temperament, but on the whole singularly lovable, musical, sociable, generous, loyal.

THE ESTATE THAT IS NOT A SWINDLE THAT GOES ON AND ON

The Home Secretary has ordered that a certain man shall be deported as an undesirable alien. He has been swindling romantic souls in America.

There are several men like him, and scores of victims. Lately the British and American authorities have been at work trying to stop this particular kind of swindle.

Some hardworking and fairly prosperous farmer living in the Middle West receives a letter from England asking if he is aware that he has a claim on the so-and-so estate? There is a great deal of money, left by someone who died long ago, and it has been increasing for years. The writer of the letter offers to act as agent in prosecuting the farmer's claim. Of course he must have some money for the purpose. Very often the farmer sends the money, dazzled by the thought of winning a fortune. Sometimes he is more cautious, and writes first to the United States Consulate in London, where thousands of letters have been received inquiring about the Sir Francis Drake estate alone. The Francis Drake estate does not exist.

As a matter of fact there are no unsettled estates in England of any size, and there is not the slightest possibility of successfully questioning a settlement that was effected years ago. Thus has the U.S. Consul written to America.

But romance dies hard. There are hundreds of people willing to be deceived, ready to believe in the possibility of a fortune falling into their laps.

BRIGHTER BACKYARDS

Making London a city of flowers is the aim of the London Gardens Guild.

This year it is expected that there will be more entries than ever for the Garden and Window-Box Championships. Challenge trophies, medals, and certificates are being offered for the best front gardens, back gardens, and window-boxes.

Since the Guild started 30 years ago much has been done to brighten London's streets, and hundreds of people have discovered a delightful new hobby which has made them forget the cares of everyday life. We have only to go to some of the Gardens Guild flower shows to see what possibilities there are of growing flowers in London smut and smoke.

Culture, absence of weeds or pests, foresight in planting gardens so that there may be a succession of bloom, are taken into consideration by the judges as much as design, arrangement, and neatness. The encouragement they give has brought about a high standard, and each year sees an increase in gardeners and an improvement in their work. It is a joy to see flowers blooming in backyards and window-boxes.

FIVE BRAVE ONES

We have made a vast gain in our knowledge of Tropical Medicine during the last 100 years, and nothing brings it home more sharply than a little account just published of five people who are buried under the pulpit of a Cape Coast church.

Africa had disposed of them in two years. Their records are:

Joseph Dunwell, served as a missionary, 5 months 23 days.

George Wrigley, 1 year and 2 months.

Mrs Wrigley, 4 months 24 days.

Peter Harrop, 24 days.

Mrs Harrop, 21 days.

Nevertheless, others kept responding to Wrigley's cry—*Come to this hell, if only to die here.*

Human sacrifice and slavery had to be fought, so the missionaries kept coming out, and in 50 years one-third of them perished.

Happily this state of affairs is over for ever. Africa is still Africa; but we have remedies for her attacks on us.

FALLS THAT UPSET THE WORLD

Prices and Ruin

SAD CASE OF THE AMERICAN FARMER

The world's great money trouble, which everywhere is bringing people to distress, is to be traced in the course of the world's prices.

Everyone who wants to understand what has happened should bear in mind that the wholesale prices of common things, foods or raw materials, are now lower as a whole than before the war.

If we represent wholesale prices before the war by the figure 100, then at present the prices are represented by 99 for food and 92 for materials.

The rapid fall between 1924 and the present time has ruined many business men all over the world, and entirely upset contracts and the repayment of debts. We can understand that if a man made a contract of payment in 1924 he has now to pay interest in goods valued at much lower prices, which means that his interest rates have really increased enormously. That is why American farmers, for example, are brought to the brink of ruin, having to sell their produce at rubbishy prices while owing large sums in interest.

We are glad to see that further steps are being taken to save these farmers from utter ruin.

Mortgaged Farms

The great fall in the price of food, which has reduced the value of wheat to less than its cost, has brought hundreds of thousands of American farmers to despair. They have mortgaged their farms to carry on, and now, as they cannot find the interest, are threatened with ejectment.

The news comes that the Governor of one of the distressed States has begged the insurance companies not to foreclose (the term foreclose means the taking into possession of the mortgaged property by the person who has lent money on it), and we are glad to know that the companies have responded to this appeal. It is said that one great life insurance company owns mortgages on 37,000 farms.

It is only by realising and understanding that America is not only an industrial country but a great agricultural country that we can grasp the American situation. The American farming population forms a very large part of the whole, and the fact that they have been robbed of purchasing power by the great fall in prices has much to do with the terrible American position.

MADDYBENNY NEWS

Everybody wore a bunch of snowdrops the other day at a prize-giving of the Maddybenny Bible class near Portrush.

The enthusiasm shown at the meeting was but one more manifestation that the Bible has still its ancient power, and we wonder if there is any other Bible class which can show a more remarkable record of attendances than was revealed at this gathering.

One of the prizes was won by Daniel Walker, who has never missed a Sunday for 21 years. Tillie M'Kiran has another fine record of attending every Sunday for 19 years without a single absence. Tom Scott comes third with regular attendances for 17 years. Many of the younger members are setting up records which promise to be as long, and they were given prizes for long periods of attendances without missing a Sunday.

It is more than twenty years since the class was started by a lady in a hall which her father built close to their house, and here it has been held ever since. Every year it has grown larger and larger. There are now about 90 pupils, many walking miles to attend.

IF MARS WERE AS NEAR AS THE MOON WHAT WE COULD SEE

Curious Effect of the Changing
Martian Seasons

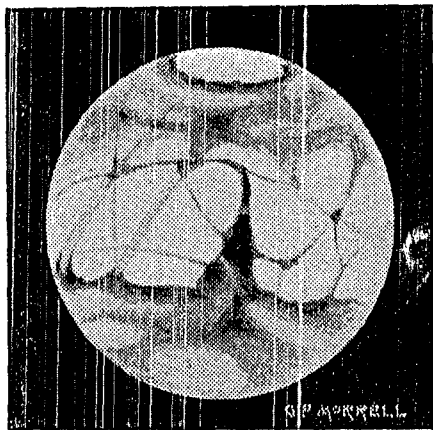
THE SO-CALLED CANALS

By the C.N. Astronomer

If Mars, that world of many mysteries, which now shines above us at night, were only as near as our Moon, what a splendid and ever-changing spectacle he would offer and how soon many of his mysteries would vanish.

Instead of the brilliant, rosy-tinted star now so high in the south-east sky we should have a many-tinted sphere about twice the width of our Moon, for the diameter of Mars is 4215 miles, whereas the Moon is 2160.

We should see this sphere of Mars with the broad expanses of orange tint which give the star its reddish hue.



Mars with his North Pole turned toward us, as at the present time. The planet appears inverted through an astronomical telescope

There would also be greenish and blue-grey areas with outlines of a curious geographical appearance; and bays, estuaries, islands, isthmuses, suggesting a world similar to our own.

This similarity would be accentuated by a large bright area encircling the North Pole of Mars, which will shrink from about 3000 to 200 miles in diameter.

This polar area, which is now turned toward us, is the most brilliant part of his lovely orb, and is apparently the planet's snow and ice-covered area. It would be seen gradually to diminish in size in the course of the Martian spring and summer; and at times large portions might be seen to break away and float southward, or, if on high plateaux, become detached and take longer to melt. All this has already been observed in powerful telescopes at various times.

Meanwhile some of the low-lying areas and seas would appear to have grown more extensive, apparently by the inundations produced by the melting snows. These obvious inundations have been seen to extend toward the equator, with the result that the greenish areas increased considerably with the coming of the Martian summer.

The Greyish Streaks

All these details would be obvious were Mars as near as the Moon (but 238,000 miles away instead of 69 million). Probably some of the more distinct of the greyish streaks would be seen, stretching in a remarkable manner from various bays, estuaries, and certain well-defined points on the coasts across the extensive reddish areas.

These would appear to be desert regions, and the greyish streaks cross them apparently in straight lines, as a rule, though there are certain well-known curved streaks. They would be seen to grow in length with the advance of the Martian seasons, link up with one another, and unite in greyish spots and patches—oases, they are called.

OLD BATTERSEA HOUSE

By Our Town Girl

There is a treasure house in London which is daily becoming better known.

This is Old Battersea House, a lovely old Christopher Wren building in Vicarage Road, erected in 1699. This house is filled with works of art, all executed by those two people of genius, William De Morgan and his wife Evelyn.

It is, in fact, the centre now for the De Morgan work, and people are sending their collections to Old Battersea House as gifts for the nation, for Evelyn De Morgan's sister, Mrs Stirling, and her husband, who live there, have presented the entire collection to the public and housed it in this beautiful setting. On Mondays the public are admitted for a small charge, which goes to the upkeep of the ancient place.

As one enters the oak walls are lighted with radiant pictures, and through room after room one walks with treasures of loveliness on every side.

Pottery and Pictures

The pottery of William De Morgan is there—panels, tiles, plates, vases, with their perfection of craftsmanship and colours like jewels, the finest, perhaps, being the specimens of Persian blue, for which he was famous.

The pictures are of the Pre-Raphaelite school, but are pre-eminently individual. Each is a crystallised poem vivid with glorious colour.

The Queen, who was a visitor to Old Battersea House the other day, remarked to her hostess: "What a beautiful mind your sister had."

And how true this is! From the riches of her heart beauty overflowed like a tide into those quiet pictures which, if they tell us anything, assure us that sadness and sordidness are to be conquered by life's realities, the lovely things of the spirit.

Even in death she sees beauty. In one of her pictures is the figure of a young girl whom Death has called to him. His form stands close to her, and he gazes into her face. His own is calm with peace and tenderness; he seems to be offering shelter and love.

Old Battersea House is worth a visit if only to take away haunting memories of a place where beauty dwells.

Continued from the previous column

Some would vanish, others reappear after long intervals.

These are the so-called canals, of which over 400 have been counted. In widths varying from 20 to 150 miles, and extending in some cases for over a thousand miles, these so-called canals are regarded by astronomers who have studied them, and know most about Mars, to be cultivated areas of vegetation irrigated by the waters collected in narrow channels which occasionally appear in pairs. Gathered here and there are rows of dots, suggesting patches of vegetation following lines of irrigation. The greenish areas have been seen in places to turn brown as the Martian autumn advances.

Occasionally we should see a whitish film gather and cover up parts of this beautiful spectacle. These are the mists and clouds which are generally scarce on Mars, for it is obviously a world in which water is not plentiful.

An added interest for us would be to see this fascinating world, as it hung above us, gradually turn round on its axis in the course of 24 hours 37 minutes, and bring the whole of his mysteries into view. As Mars does not come as near as the Moon, we use powerful telescopes which bring Mars very much nearer than the Moon.

G. F. M.

OPTIMISTIC SWANS AT THE ZOO

BUILDING A NEST IN A
BLIZZARD

Birds Who Believed That
Spring Had Come

A FOUR-MONTHS-OLD JAGUAR

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Once again a pair of Australian black swans have proved themselves to be the most optimistic inmates of the Zoo.

During the last week in February, when their enclosure was carpeted with snow and the pond covered with a layer of ice, these two birds built an enormous nest and prepared to use it as a nursery.

Quite oblivious of the fact that the wintry weather showed no signs of departing, the two black swans spent all their time close to the home they had built, and periodically the female sat on the nest as though testing its comfort, and then made fussy little alterations in the structure, while the cob stood by on guard.

How the Birds Are Encouraged

Australian black swans are usually the Zoo's harbingers of spring, for whenever they have any intention of presenting the menagerie with little black cygnets they always nest toward the end of February; and to encourage them bundles of twigs and dried grasses are placed in their enclosure.

Many times before the birds have seemed unwisely optimistic, for the arrival of their eggs has coincided with a spell of bad weather. Fortunately they are not easily discouraged. When they nest they generally have good luck with their young; and more than once a family of cygnets has been successfully reared though the incubation of the eggs was handicapped by frost and snow, and the mother bird, sitting patiently on the nest, made a pathetic but decorative study in black-and-white.

In Smart New Feathers

This enclosure, which is known as the Three-Island Pond, is also the home of a large and varied collection of duck from all parts of the world. These house-mates of the black swans usually wait a month before beginning to follow their big companions' example, though they are all garbed in smart new feathers in readiness to welcome spring's arrival.

The Zoo's mammals are not yet thinking of spring, for winter coats are still being worn by them. The reptiles are equally cautious; and none of the snakes, which make a habit of refusing to take food during the winter months, has begun to show signs of liveliness or any inclination to break his long fast.

Other news from the Zoo includes the arrival of a jaguar cub, aged four months, the smallest and youngest example of these tropical American cats in the Gardens for many years.

WHY ARE OLD WINDOWS OFTEN BRICKED UP?

From The Children's Encyclopedia

In the bad old days windows were taxed, so that it was made expensive to enjoy fresh air and light. The darker and more badly ventilated a house the less tax its owner or tenant paid, for there was a tax on every window exceeding six.

Many people, when they built a house, put in it as few windows as possible so as to save the taxes. In some cases, however, they left places where windows could be inserted if, at some later date, they became better off and could afford more light and air. On the other hand there were some people who became poorer, and these would have their windows bricked up in order to reduce their taxes.

Only in 1851 was this abolished, and everybody was glad, for it was one of the worst of all taxes, a tax on light.



Keep the children Healthy

EXTREMES of weather are to be expected during the next few weeks. At this time of year springlike days are often followed by periods of rain and frost and bitter winds. These sudden variations of temperature and exposure to damp and cold play havoc with your children's health.

The best way of safeguarding their health is to give them a cup of "Ovaltine" at every meal. This delicious beverage supplies in a concentrated, correctly balanced form all the food elements essential for building up strength and vitality.

"Ovaltine" is prepared from the highest qualities of malt, milk and eggs. Unlike imitations, it does not contain any household sugar to reduce the cost. Nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa. Reject substitutes.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland

1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

P801

'Now, Joan, remember you're a lady!'



Yet another eminent doctor (F.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.) writes: 'Owing to its digestibility and agreeable taste Cocoa is a good and suitable food for young children. By combining Cocoa with a certain proportion of milk, a food of highly nutritious character is obtained at a comparatively low cost.'

When Joan has her Bournville Cocoa, she doesn't believe in leaving any in the cup 'for manners.'

It's fortunate that children like Bournville so much, because at this treacherous time of the year their health needs special protection. You can easily and effectively strengthen their defences against winter ills by giving them Bournville Cocoa *every day*—at breakfast, during the morning, or at supper. A great drink, with its heartening warmth, its chocolaty flavour; and a great food, providing just that *extra* nourishment the children need to increase their powers of resistance. Milk by itself is a splendid source of nourishment; but Bournville Cocoa mixed with milk is a 45 per cent. better food. Here is, in fact, the perfect food-drink—and the most economical of them all.

They need the extra nourishment of

BOURNVILLE
COCOA

NOW REDUCED TO
5¹⁰/₂ per $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.

MADE BY CADBURY IN THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

The C.N.'s Monthly Companion

MY MAGAZINE

Edited by Arthur Mee

APRIL ISSUE NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE—ONE SHILLING

**FISH, MEAT,
 SANDWICHES, CHEESE**

ALL GO BETTER WITH

HP SAUCE

THE C.N. IN ESKIMO LAND

A Little School on An Arctic Coast

The Editor has received a jolly snapshot of a group of C.N. readers dressed in sealskin and padded clothes, high boots and fur caps, and round them nothing but snow and ice.

This is the letter which came with the snapshot from the thrilling address of Shingle Point, Arctic Ocean.

It has always been most interesting to read your delightful little paper, and to learn of its vast popularity among boys and girls of all countries and climates; but I wonder if you are aware that a small number of Eskimo boys, dwelling on the frozen coast of the Arctic Ocean, are now absorbing its news and its pictures with great wonder and interest.

It is the only paper ever brought to their notice that they can read and understand, and I am justly proud, being of English origin myself, that this beautiful and healthy little paper is edited and printed in the dear old Motherland. It is one of the few papers that can be handed out to children to read with absolute confidence of their receiving nothing but a purer and nobler outlook in life through its pages.

The Language Difficulty

I might here explain that this is the first Residential School for Eskimo children only in the British Empire. It is on the north-west coast of Canada, some thirty miles west of the Mackenzie River delta, and was established in 1929 by the Anglican Mission.

When our little staff of four people arrived here at that time the children could not speak a word of English, nor could the members of our staff understand or speak a word of the Eskimo language. The result for a while was laughable, to say the least. Since then, however, we have all advanced, and the children can now read and write in English and speak and understand it too. Therefore, when I have read through my C.N. I pass it on to my family of boys, and they enjoy it thoroughly. They were specially interested in the Eskimo pictures which appeared some time ago.

My family of Eskimo boys greet you and desire me to say Thank-you to you for "making" the C.N. with its nice stories.

The C.N. sends its greeting back to these jolly readers and wishes them long and happy lives.

THE GREAT TOY BOOK

Children's Toys of Bygone Days. By Karl Grober. Batsford, 12s 6d.

We are glad to see a cheaper edition of this delightful picture book, which is of the big old-fashioned kind so dear to the children of a generation ago.

Very old is the story of toys. In this book there is a picture of a movable toy played with by children of ancient Egypt. It is a little figure, with jointed arms and legs, which kneads dough on a sloping board when a string is pulled. This is the prototype of all the popular moving toys which through the ages have been the delight of children.

There are descriptions of the playthings of the boys and girls of ancient Greece and Rome. There is a fascinating chapter on toys of the Middle Ages.

Fashions change. Today there is a craze for Teddy Bears. In the 17th century hobby horses were so popular that at the end of the Thirty Years War nearly 1500 Nuremberg boys rode their hobby horses in front of the lodging of the man who had successfully brought about the peace negotiations, and each child was given a silver peace penny, which was stamped with a little hobby horse.

TWENTY GOOD SHIPS

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 51

Enter Mr Sunshine

VACCA scowled at this newcomer. "And who may you be, you little toad?" he demanded.

"My name," said the other, in a soft, cooing voice, "is Sunshine. Of the Jessamy ketch, Mr Vacca. And I trust that you will not regard me as an intruder?"

This seemed to tickle Vacca. He laughed out uproariously.

"You're welcome," he scoffed. "You can stand there alongside your friends."

"Thank you, you're most obliging," cooed Mr Sunshine. "And the men in my boat, if you please! May I bring them ashore too?"

"Oh, whistle them up!" laughed Vacca. "Whistle them up."

Mr Sunshine, with his hands in the small of his back still, swayed forward ever so little upon his toes, his chubby face beaming on Vacca, his voice a caress.

"Mr Vacca, sir," he uttered, very engagingly, "permit me to inform you, sir, that you're a gentleman. A gentleman, Mr Vacca, if ever there was one! And allow me also to tell you, you foul lump of carrion, that you pollute the earth, you pollute it. I say, you *pollute* it!"

And with this and the roar of a lion the little man sprang upwards upon his toes, and before the thunderstruck Portuguese knew what was happening had launched his body at him, fingers at throat, and, crashing him backwards, had both hands round his neck and was throttling him.

Simultaneously Mark Deedwinnick had whipped out his pistol and clapped it to Pedro's ear, while one of the men in blue jackets had leaped at Lutz and felled him to earth with one blow.

Nor was this all. There sprang with a rush from the trees two figures with knives, who slashed at the bonds of the prisoners, panting, cutting, hacking, slicing the cords away. One was Bora Bora. The other was Jim.

And Mr Sunshine's two men had beached their boat and came running.

It is not to be supposed that Vacca's men showed no fight. But all had happened so swiftly; they were first stupefied and next demoralised by the loss of their leaders. And now when they saw the rescue brought from the trees, and the two men running up the beach from the boat, they took it that they were surrounded and threw down their arms.

It was finished. When they pulled Mr Sunshine off Vacca the Portuguese appeared to be breathing no longer. It was the Squire himself who brought him round, and also tended Lutz's broken jaw. Then, with Pedro, who was unscathed but whimpering for mercy, they were taken aboard the ketch, which now lay in the bay, and clapped into irons, with the Squire's last words in their ears.

"I shall take you," said he, "to stand your trial at Papeete, or wherever the French Government may appoint. And this I promise you, Vacca," he added, with gravity: "I shall do my utmost to ensure that you get your deserts."

With the island to themselves at last they breathed freely, and after sundown, when all had gathered round a big fire, the Squire abruptly called upon Mr Sunshine.

"Sir," replied Mr Sunshine, very officially, "I picked up your wireless from Flint Island, but I dared not reply as a cruiser was in the vicinity. I proceeded with all speed to the instructed position, as doubtless The Evening Star and The Golden Crown did; but, having failed to make connection with either them or yourself, sir, I was cruising around when I stumbled upon this island. That's all, sir."

"All!" retorted the Squire. "You'll find it's not 'all' when we come to cast up our reckoning. If I don't load your wife with enough pearls to make her a fresh necklace for every day in the week you needn't call me a Cornishman any longer." He turned to his son. "And now you, Mark?"

"My trouble," said Mark Deedwinnick, "began with Lutz; whose name, I believe, is not really Lutz, but Thomas. He used several names in the islands to cover his tracks. I never set eyes on Vacca until this morning."

The Squire exclaimed in astonishment. "If Vacca had seen me once he'd have known me again, sir. You knew me this morning," said Mark Deedwinnick, most calmly. "Directly our eyes met I saw that you recognised me, sir. But you never batted an eyelid. You played up superbly."

"What father could fail to recognise his own son, Mark? But I wouldn't betray myself; we were all undone if I had."

"Yes," said Mark, "I was putting up a big bluff. It was all up with all of us if Vacca had seen through it. As it was, there were gaps enough in my story. How should the American Consul in Apia know an undiscovered island's position? How could he tell there were pearls here? But, you see, I knew Lutz wasn't in camp and I wanted to get you free before he returned."

CHAPTER 52

The Squire Rings Down the Curtain

MARK had paused. "But I ought to start," he said, "at the beginning."

"I needed big money, of course, to work my discovery, so I sailed my cutter to the Gilbert Islands, where I left her in pledge and found a trader called Reuben Hyde just leaving for Trisco, who gave me a few thousand francs for a pearl and mentioned a fellow called Vacca, to be heard of, Hyde thought, at Easter Island, who might finance me. Well, then, a ship came along for Papeete, and her skipper, who knew Vacca by name as well, said I'd be more likely to find him in the French Islands. So I went in that ship to Papeete. But Vacca wasn't there."

"Lutz was looking after his affairs; so I took him the business. Lutz liked it, thought that Vacca would entertain it, and went off at once in a copra cutter to find him. He returned to say that he'd been in touch with Vacca, who, provided I took Lutz out in his schooner to my island and showed him the pearls, was ready to put up all the money required, on condition that we went shares in all proceeds, and that I kept my mouth shut about the island's existence. Well, that sounded good enough; so off Lutz and I went, after I'd sent you that roundabout word, sir, by a man leaving for England. You tell me now that you had the impression I feared treachery? I didn't. But perhaps the man who brought you the word did."

"You went off with Lutz by yourself?"

"I did. And after I had shown him everything he and his crew set upon me on our way back and knocked me out and set me adrift in an open boat without food or water or anything that would identify me. In the scuffle my skull must have had a bit of a crack which couldn't," Mark remarked wryly, "have done it much good. For when I was picked up in the last stage of exhaustion by a Dutch ship and taken to a seamen's hospital in Trisco, I had forgotten who I was, where I came from, and everything else. I had lost my memory completely. So, after the hospital had nursed my body back to strength, they gave me the name of John Smith, for want of another, and I got my living round the docks as a labourer."

"I was perfectly happy. Till at last a curious thing happened. A log of wood fell crash on my head from a derrick and stunned me; but when I came round I'd my memory once more! The doctors told me such cases sometimes occurred."

He paused and thought for a moment.

"I kept my secret and, under the name of John Smith, worked my passage to the Gilbert Islands, where I found my cutter and the two good chaps I had left it with. I told them everything. That's why they're here now," and most suddenly he pointed across the fire to his companions, who were dressed as American bluejackets. "Judging that Vacca or Lutz would be working the pearls, and determined to throw them out of it if we could, we reckoned three weren't enough to do that by force, and not wishing to bring a whole crowd into the business we decided to get along first and see what was doing. And, as these two good chaps had been in Uncle Sam's Navy and had some duds still, we jumped straight away at the plan of spying out the land in the guise of officials. We seem, sir," said Mark, with a grin, "to have timed ourselves well."

"You came in your cutter?"

"Aye. She's merely a thirty-five footer. We made the island after sundown, when we unshipped the mast and laid her up under the coral reef of the lagoon, so that she wouldn't be visible of course from the island. The island was very still but I felt uneasy, so I left my pals aboard and had barely set foot ashore when a native sprang out at me and wanted to know what I'd done with his 'young master.' Bora Bora, of course. Explanations. No end of a jolt, sir! But the first thing obviously was to rescue the lad without revealing myself, or I'd be no use to you afterwards. So Bora

Continued on the next page

They don't see the danger they handle



YOUR children carry disease on their hands! They run the risk of infecting themselves by touching mouth or food – of infecting others too. For playtime dirt – any dirt – teems with germs that may cause untold harm once they get into the body. Guard the children from this serious risk. Before they eat see that hands are washed *antiseptically* with Lifebuoy. Lifebuoy, with its famous health element, is a wonderful safeguard. Children like using Lifebuoy with its healthy smell. It's easy to teach them the protective Lifebuoy habit – the health habit that lifts a load of worry from a mother's mind.

LIFEBUOY SOAP

for HEALTH

L 617-201-55

A LEVER PRODUCT

ALL applications for advertisement space should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, "The Children's Newspaper," Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.



Insist on genuine
**SCOTT'S
EMULSION**

Now, boys ...all together!

THERE'S rhythm in their stroke, and fitness in their bodies. Wrigley's is certainly allowed while training—it provides just that necessary relaxation at the right moment—it cools and refreshes the mouth.

It is the ideal thirst quencher—a delicious sweetmeat and "steadier" too... the flavour lasts to the very end.

In two flavours—P.K., genuine peppermint flavour; Spearmint, pure mint leaf flavour. Four generous pellets in every 1d. packet... the purest money can buy.



BRITISH MADE
WRIGLEY'S
MEANS BETTER CHEWING GUM

1d
PER
PACKET

EN 18

52,000 BREAKFASTS

Free, Ample, Satisfying, supplied each winter to hungry East End Children. Remember the little ones. 3d. pays for ONE meal. 25/- for 100.

How many may we entertain as your guests?
R.S.V.P. to THE REV. PERCY INESON, Supr.,
EAST END MISSION,
COMMERCIAL ROAD, STEPNEY, LONDON, E.1.



WILLIAM IVTH
PACKET FREE!!
The grand Cayman Is.
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send 2d. postage and request our famous approx.
Lisburn & Townsend (Dept. C.N.), Liverpool

THERE IS NOT ONE CHILD IN A THOUSAND

Who, at this time of the year, would not derive immense benefit from ROBOLEINE. The winter epidemics of COLDS, INFLUENZA, MEASLES, COUGHS, and other complaints have taken a heavy toll of strength and vitality. Cheeks have lost the glow of health, appetites have become irregular, listlessness has set in. These are sure signs that the child requires regular doses of the reliable body-building and vitamin tonic food—

Roboleine

THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY



IN 2/9 & 6/9 JARS
OF ALL CHEMISTS.

THE RESULTS OBTAINED ARE DESCRIBED BY
DOCTORS AND MOTHERS AS MARVELLOUS.

ROBOLEINE consists of BONE MARROW,
YOLK OF EGG, CREAM OF MALT and
neutralised LEMON JUICE, and is
equally beneficial to Adults for ANÆMIA,
SLEEPLESSNESS, etc.

12-DOSE SAMPLE

"ROBOLEINE," Handforth Laboratories,
Clapham Road, LONDON, S.W.9.
Please send me a 12-dose sample. I enclose 3d. in
stamps for postage and packing.
(Use block letters and mark envelope "Sample.")

Name.....
Address.....
C.N.g.....

Bora scouted round the stockade, and slipped back with word that they were bringing the lad out; there were three of them, and I'd left my gun behind.

"Bora Bora had heard Lutz say they would take Jim on shipboard, and sure enough a brig was showing her riding lights. So we made our plan. And presently," smiled Mark Deedwinnick, "Bora Bora himself shall tell you how it succeeded. For 'pon my honour, all the credit was his, sir. All I did was to take the two on my cutter when they swam from the ship, and to thank my stars that the reef hid my cutter so well."

"You were thinking of the morning?"
"Indeed I was, sir. In the morning all five of us slipped ashore, leaving the cutter where she was, and sent Bora Bora to reconnoitre the stockade again. He reported that Lutz was there by himself, fast asleep! I knew of this bay, of course, and guessed at once that Vacca had all the rest of you here. Besides, the brig had gone. So either she'd sunk or started for the bay—"

"What became of that brig?" exclaimed Captain Ben.

The answer came from Mr Sunshine.
"Sir," said he, "as the ketch was beating up against a light breeze we sighted a brig which seemed making pretty bad weather of it. I was going to speak her but on sight of us she turned tail. Off she went, and pray heaven she's gone to the bottom."

"Amen!" cried Tom Honeyman heartily. "I might have captured Lutz," Mark Deedwinnick resumed, "but I couldn't spare anyone to look after him, and short of taking his life there was no way to silence him, and I couldn't bring myself to kill the man in cold blood. So, foolishly, I let the sleeping dog lie, and pushed on fast to a cave I knew in the mountain, where I left Bora Bora and Jim while we three came on to the camp to play out our bluff. I hoped to pull it off. You know how I failed, sir."

"Did you anticipate that Lutz would recognise you the second time?"

"Unless the beard I'd grown had altered me much. But I came this afternoon with a plan of campaign. I was going to tell Vacca that I'd brought a posse along with me, and Bora Bora and Jim were stationed behind the trees with instructions to set up a great shouting and trampling directly I called out, to make Vacca's people believe me as good as my word." Then Mark

Deedwinnick sprang up in animation. "But it isn't myself you've got to thank," he cried sharply, "it is Mr Sunshine whom we've all got to thank for our lives!"

"Not so," cooed that little gentleman, very alert still. "From what I've learned you've got to thank the lad Jim. I promised to make a sailor of him one day, and by the powers, Mr Deedwinnick, I have! If Jim had let out last night that your Consul knew nothing you would all have been dead men ere sunrise this morning."

Then the Squire rose and, drawing Jim to his feet also, he stood very straight, looking Jim in the eyes.

"Friend Jim," said he, "you have served your apprenticeship loyally; therefore hark to my mind how. Ben Babbage and I will presently make for Polgelly, for the Captain's robins and roses are missing him sorely. And one hears say that Tom Honeyman and our crisp Gannett are to set up a grand restaurant in Bristol where," the Squire paused for a mischievous instant, "where," he repeated, "Tom's cooking should soon make them famous."

"And as for Merciful," the Squire continued most solemnly, "he is to settle down, I believe, to cultivate poetry. But you, friend Jim?" Then Mr Deedwinnick dropped his hands from his shoulders.

"Friend Jim," said he, in a new voice and one of decision, "my son Mark lacks a partner in this enterprise on George and Mary Island. I inform you that you are the man for him; without argument. Your terms will be 'fifty-fifty' (to quote a rare scoundrel) after the captains and every man Jack on my good ships shall have liberally taken their pickings. Including, I need scarcely say, a certain very brave gentleman in raising my hat to whom I do myself honour." And he bowed to Bora Bora in his fine manner.

The islander's eyes were on Jim.
"Big Master," he answered, "Bora Bora him say Thank-you, but him want no pearls. All Bora Bora want is stay with young master."

But back flashed Mr Deedwinnick's voice like a sword-thrust.

"Bora Bora want pearls or not, he have them," he cried. Then he motioned them to stand up. "I think," he said quietly, "I think, gentlemen, we will join in singing God Save the King."

THE END

JACKO BUYS A CLOCK

FOR several weeks Jacko had been saving his pennies to buy an alarm clock so that he could get up early to study. (Just what he was studying no one seemed to know!)

At last he found enough money in his box, and announced to the Family that he was going out to buy his treasure that afternoon.

"Splendid!" exclaimed Mother Jacko. "Then you can call for Grandma and bring her back to tea."

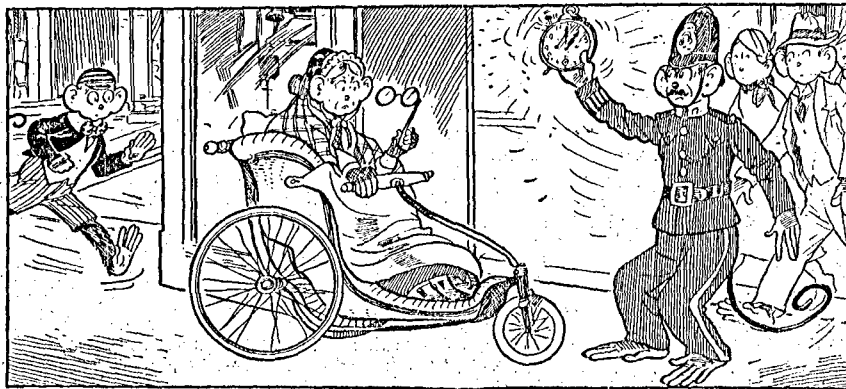
"Wait a minute!" cried the old lady a little later. "I want you to pop in here and match these silks for me."

"Girl's job that is," grunted Jacko disgustedly. But he brightened up when Grandma added that their next call would be the sweet shop.

Jacko hopped into the shop and was soon busy selecting silks.

Suddenly a sharp noise rang out.

"Fire!" shouted the assistants excitedly. "There goes the bell!"



There sat Grandma, looking all hot and bothered

Jacko had a grand time looking at all the clocks which the shopman brought out for his inspection. Finally he chose one with a particularly loud ring.

"Just the chap for me!" he chuckled. "No more snoozing when the old thing starts buzzing!"

Jacko watched closely while it was being set. Then he set it again himself outside to make sure that he understood. After that he went to fetch Grandma Jacko, packed her in the bath-chair, with the clock at her feet, and started for home.

Jacko forgot all about Grandma and rushed off toward the fire station, yelling "Fire! Fire!" at the top of his voice.

There was quite a commotion. People rushed to the spot where the bell was ringing, but, to Jacko's surprise, nobody was following him.

"Coo!" he muttered, turning round quickly. "I'd better see what the crowd is up to!"

He did; and promptly got a shock.

There sat poor Grandma, looking all hot and bothered, while an angry policeman held up the deafening clock!

THE BRAN TUB

A Mysterious Number

FIND a number which, multiplied by 3, 6, 9, 12, 15, 18, 21, 24, or 27, will in each case give as product a figure repeated three times.

Answer next week

French Empire Stamp

THE French International Colonial Exhibition, which was held in Paris two years ago, was advertised throughout the world by the issue of a special set of



stamps. By far the most interesting of them is the 1 franc 50 value illustrated here. The stamp shows the natives of different parts of the French Empire, and should be in all stamp collections.

A Ship in Mourning

SHIPS used to go into mourning in the days of sails. A dark blue stripe four inches wide was painted round the hull.

This old custom was revived not long ago when a London ship-owner died, a mourning-band being painted round one of his steamers.

The Watchman's Dream

MR SMYTHE, the bank manager, arrived one morning to find old Jones, his night-watchman, very much perturbed.

"Dear, dear, sir," quavered Jones. "Every night for a week I have had the same bad dream, and I feel I must tell you about it. I dream that the bank is broken into by thieves, and although you are here yourself to guard it they take all the money out of the safe. What can it mean?"

Mr Smythe was very disturbed, and at once took steps to ensure greater security for the bank. What did he do? Answer next week

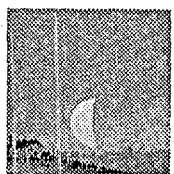
Let On Parle Français



Le pavillon pavilion La patte paw Le tableau picture
Le héraut fait face au pavillon.
La patte du tigre est redoutable.
Ce tableau est très bien encadré.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East. In the evening Uranus and Mercury are in the West; Mars, Jupiter, and Neptune are in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 6.30 a.m. on Sunday, March 19.



What Bird is This?

IN the swift but not in the fleet, In the hail but not in the sleet, In the range but not in the row, In the plant but not in the sow, In the branch but not in the tree, In the mirth but not in the glee, In the fragile but not in the weak, Complete a bird with long tail and beak.

Answer next week

Rat-Catching With a Mirror

IT has been found that rats are much more easily caught if a mirror is used.

In an ordinary wire cage trap a piece of a mirror is fitted at the back of the trap facing the entrance. When a rat arrives it sees its own reflection in the looking-glass and, thinking there is already a rat in the trap, the animal enters confidently and nibbles at the bait. This plan is

particularly successful with old and wary rats that are usually very difficult to trap. Rats are fond of one another's company and will generally go where they think there is another of their own kind.

About Postmarks

IF you receive many letters you will have noticed that sometimes the stamp is cancelled with a circular mark, while at other times the cancelling consists of wavy lines, or a publicity slogan. The first type are those that are done with a hand stamp. The others are done with a cancelling machine. Another type of envelope carries only a printed device. This kind comes from firms which hire stamping machines from the G.P.O.

What Is It?

IT's a wonder you ask for, yet who would suppose That the more you take from it the larger it grows? Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Saving Time. 3 hours

A Charade. Care-less

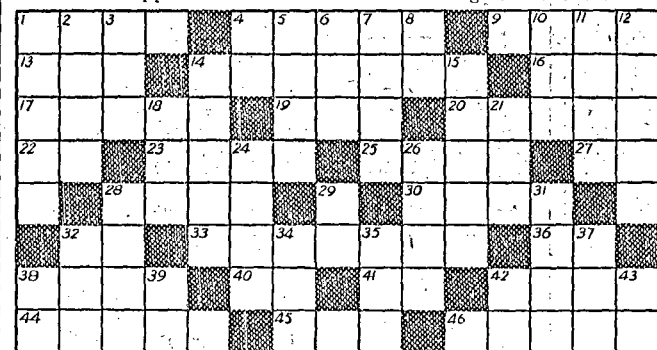
A Built-Up Name. MILTON

The Problem of the Legs

A man came in with a leg of mutton, placed it on a three-legged stool, and went out. A dog ran off with the leg of mutton. The man returned and threw the stool at the dog to make him drop the leg of mutton.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 52 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks; among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. Minute particle of matter. 4. To begin. 9. Yours and mine. 13. To unite with needle and thread. 14. A part. 16. To regret. 17. Pertaining to punishment. 19. Serpent-like fish. 20. An order of architecture. 22. Printer's measure. 23. A headland. 25. Part of a whip. 27. New Testament.* 28. To rouse. 30. Mechanical devices. 32. Exist. 33. Marine mammal. 36. Order of Merit.* 38. A phial. 40. You and me. 41. Editor.* 44. Volume of maps. 45. Hill. 46. Maintain upright position.

Reading Down. 1. A poplar. 2. Be abundant. 3. To have possession. 4. In such a manner. 5. A perennial plant. 6. Devoured. 7. Small stream. 8. In the direction of. 10. Large vase. 11. Devastation. 12. Religious bodies. 14. Highland cloth. 15. First month of Jewish ecclesiastical year. 18. Perform. 21. Unit of electrical resistance. 24. Fore part of a ship. 26. Sour. 28. Amphibious marine mammal. 29. Elevated. 31. Used for cleansing. 32. Piece. 34. Permit. 35. Pronoun. 37. Males. 38. Virginia.* 39. French for the. 42. The thing in question. 43. Advertisement.*

Dr MERRYMAN

Tit For Tat

MR SAND the grocer received a note from a new customer. It read:

"Please send six dozen eggs. If good I will send a cheque."

But Mr Sand was not accepting the risk, so he replied:

"Please send cheque. If good I will send eggs."

Mind Your Nails

RIPP: My boy hammers nails like lightning.

Rapp: Like lightning?

Ripp: Yes; lightning, you know, never strikes twice in the same place.

Bobbie's Onion



BOBBIE finds a lovely ball, Cannot understand at all, Why a ball should make him cry, Bites it hard to find out why.

Fashionable

As they walked down the street a dog was seen chasing its own tail.

"That pup is in the fashion," remarked Exe.

"How?" asked Wye.

"He's trying to make both ends meet."

Impatient

OLD Portleigh passed by.

"A most difficult man to deal with," observed the doctor. "He's never satisfied."

"One of your impatient, doctor?" quietly asked his companion.

Puss! Puss!

MRS NEWRICH had just returned from Rome.

"And did you see the cat-combs?" she was asked.

"Certainly not," was the reply. "You know how I hate cats."

NIXIE AND THE HAT

It happened to be a half-holiday. Mummy promised to take him into the park to play with his football, and he ran off to get ready, with Nixie dancing round in great excitement. He put on his coat, but nowhere could he find his hat.

"I know I hung it up when I came in from school," he declared.

"Perhaps it fell off the hook and Nixie ran away with it," suggested Mummy.

"I believe I did see Nixie racing round the garden with something in his mouth," said Geoff, "but I thought it was one of Susan's dusters. Let's go and look, Hal!"

The two boys searched the garden without success; but at last Harold caught sight of

something under the syringa bush. It was such a stained, ragged mass he hardly recognised it; but when he pulled it out he found it was his hat! Nixie stood by, wagging his tail.

Harold tore into the house, shouting, "Mummy, I've found it! Do look what Nixie's done to it!"

His mother could hardly help laughing when she saw the sodden, torn hat. "Well," she said, "you can't wear that again, so I suppose you must have your cap after all. Naughty dog!"

But when no one was looking Harold put his arms round the puppy's neck and whispered, "Thank you, Nixie! You've given me the nicest present of all."



Harold pulled it out

football with Nixie the puppy didn't make him quite forget his disappointment. But he tried not to show it because it was his birthday.

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

HAROLD had just started going to school with his big brother Geoff, and was very proud.

He thought that one of the nicest things about going to school would be to wear a striped school cap like Geoff's. But his mother said he had better wear out his grey felt hat first, because it was nearly new.

"But it doesn't look as if I go to school," Harold grumbled.

"Well, you could have a school-band round your hat," Mummy suggested; but Harold didn't want that, he wanted a cap.

Anyway, his birthday was coming on, and he hoped he might find a school cap among his presents. So you can



When he's striking thirty four To the minute with his oar - Says the Rower.....

Sharp's the word and Sharp's the Toffee I like best of all

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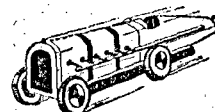
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